THE TROSSACHS

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BLACK'S GUIDE

TO

THE TROSSACHS

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ROAD TO THE TROSSACHS

Our Guide to the centre of Scotland fitly begins by some account of its communications with the south. The tourists who require such information are almost certain to come through Edinburgh, and this may accordingly be taken as our base of operations. The Trossachs are often visited as part of a round between Edinburgh and Glasgow, but with all respect for the second city in the kingdom, no stranger would hesitate to prefer a sojourn at the Scottish capital, Sir Walter's Scott's "own romantic town," whose attractions are fully set forth in our companion *Guide to Edinburgh*. The railways from London to Edinburgh are equally available for reaching or leaving Glasgow.

Railways.—There are three main routes from London to Scotland.

(1) The *East Coast* route (King's Cross Station), by the *Great Northern*, *North Eastern*, and *North British* railways, through Newcastle, arriving at *Waverley Station*, Edinburgh.

(2) The West Coast route of the *London and North-Western Railway* (Euston Station), continued from Carlisle by the *Caledonian* line, arriving at *Princes Street Station*.

(3) The *Midland* line (St. Pancras Station), which, at Carlisle, joins the *North British* "Waverley" route to arrive at the *Waverley Station*.

The trains by the last-mentioned line are not quite so fast as the others; but, to make up, they are sometimes not so crowded, and this line on the whole is the most picturesque. The East and West routes rival each other in point of speed, their fastest trains doing the journey in between 8 and 9 hours.

The fares by all three are the same—£2 : 19s., third class, Edinburgh and London. The best trains have corridor and dining cars, both 1st and 3rd class ; and there is sleeping accommodation on the night trains. The trains of the L. and N.W. line are the best for reaching Glasgow and some points of Western and Central Scotland, and the East Coast route is the best for Edinburgh, Aberdeen, Inverness, etc. But, as a matter of fact, the natural action of competition has ensured excellent services by either line to all the main districts of Scotland, and, without the interference of Government control, the country is well served.

Steamers.—Different Steamboat lines ply between London and *Leith*. For particulars apply at the enquiry offices of the railway stations.

Circular Tours.—The most prominent feature of the Trossachs, Loch Katrine, and Loch Lomond may be seen in a single day by taking a "circular tour" from and to Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Stirling. One may go *via* Stirling to Callander, thence to the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, returning home by Loch Lomond ; or the same line may be taken the reverse way. Another plan is to go from Edinburgh (Waverley or Haymarket) *via* Forth Bridge, or from Glasgow (Queen Street High Level) *via* Lenzie, to Stirling and Aberfoyle, thence by coach to Loch Katrine Pier, and so on, as in the above tour. This circular tour is also done in a single day, and may be reversed.

The ordinary route taken to the Trossachs is by the *Caledonian Railway* from either Edinburgh or Glasgow, the two lines joining at Larbert junction, a little south of *Stirling*, which, as the ancient capital of Scotland and gate to the Highlands, is a place by all means to be stopped at, if only for an hour or two. Here, then, our services will first be called into requisition ; and we propose also to give some notice of other choice spots on the way. Those, however, who make only one halt, may be advised to choose Stirling, which is some hour or so's journey from Edinburgh. A more leisurely way of reaching it is by steamboat from Leith (tidal), that threads its way first by the rocky islands of the Firth, then through the windings of the Forth, in 3 to 4 hours. This trip would bring one under the famous Forth Bridge.

STIRLING

Hotels: *Golden Lion*, *Station* (C.), *Waverley* Temperance, etc.

Stirling stands above the river Forth, on a gradually sloping eminence, so as to present some resemblance to the Old Town of Edinburgh. In the centre of Scotland such a site naturally suggested itself for an important fortress. There was a Roman station here, whence remains of the old Roman road may still be traced towards Falkirk. The Castle dates from the early feudal period, though its ancient walls have given way to less romantic buildings. This stronghold became a favourite residence of the Stuart kings, and frequently protected the meetings

of their parliaments during those lawless days, before Edinburgh took an assured position as the capital. The ancient dignity of the town is still preserved in some of its features, where the picturesque, the squalid, and the modern are mingled in a striking manner. The present population numbers over 21,000. Stirling is a junction of railways from all four points of the compass, and adjoins a thriving industrial district on one hand, as on the other the fine scenery of the Highlands.

The *Station* lies below the Castle, to which we might ascend by more than one way. The most direct is to go through the arcade which faces the *Station Road*, and on coming out in *King Street* at the other end to turn to the right; but it is equally simple to turn left (by Station Hotel) on leaving *Station Road*, and take the next turn right into *King Street*. From this point the way is a long and steady ascent. At the bifurcating roads by the *Burgh Buildings* it is best to choose the left; the right would also lead to the Castle, but is a little more complicated. There is a walk also leading up to the Castle which can be entered by the Corn Exchange to the left of *Burgh Buildings* (see p. 8). Continuing by *Spittal Street* we pass the Royal Infirmary and High School, and later, in *St. John Street*, Erskine U.F. Church, and also the Military Prison, while to the right there is an opening into *Broad Street*, at one time the most important street of the town, and containing a number of fine old buildings with quaint inscriptions. A house, with this inscription on the front of the building, is at the foot of *Broad Street:* "Nursery of James VI. and his son, Prince Henry." The Old Town House, built in 1701, and the Cross, restored 1891, stand near the top.

Mar's Work (the remains of a house built by the Earl of Mar) stands at the head of Broad Street, on the right. Its decorated architecture partakes of the ecclesiastical character; tradition, indeed, says that it was built of stones taken from the ruins of Cambuskenneth, and that for this sacrilege its founder was cut off before it was finished. He engaged in more flagrant crimes, however, than the selfish use of the consecrated stones, for he was laying his plots with Cecil and Morton for the assassination of Queen Mary, when death suddenly overtook him at Stirling in the year 1572, probably when he was overlooking the progress of this building.

The *Parish Church* of Stirling was erected in 1494 by James IV., and some additions were made to the eastern portion by Archbishop James Beaton, uncle of the cardinal. It is a specimen of the later pointed Gothic, a type of architecture peculiar to Scotland:

STIRLING AND ENVIRONS

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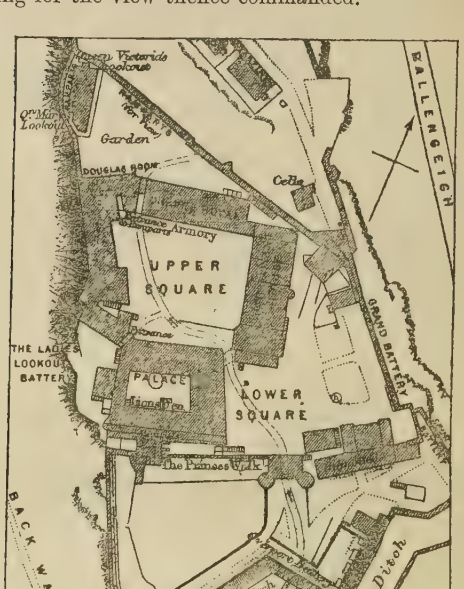
though dating from about the beginning of the 16th century it appears a century older than it is. The massive Gothic columns of the interior remain intact, and the external walls are in good preservation. In this church the Earl of Arran, regent of the kingdom, abjured Romanism in 1543 ; and the coronation of the youthful James VI. took place in the choir on the 29th of July in 1567, John Knox preaching the coronation sermon. Since the Reformation it has been divided into two places of worship, called the East and West Churches. In one of these Ebenezer Erskine officiated before he seceded from the Church of Scotland, the beginning of that fission of "Auld Licht" and other sects now united with Free Church forming U.F. Church. He was interred in the mausoleum in front of the church in St. John Street. James Guthrie (the "Martyr"), who was beheaded at Edinburgh, was also one of the ministers, and his monument may be seen close by. But the above dates must be accepted with caution, for undoubtedly there are parts of the church of considerably earlier date than the general rebuilding under James IV. That there was a church here in 1124 is definitely known, and it may have then been old. It was for many centuries associated with Dunfermline Abbey, and was called church of the Holy Cross or Holy Rood.

To the left here, behind Stirling Church, stands *Cowane's Hospital*, a quaint building surmounted by a turret steeple, one of the most important charitable institutions of Stirling. The statue of its worshipful founder, cap in hand, looks down from his elevation with courtly dignity. The Guild Hall of the hospital is open to the public and contains some relics. A keeper has charge of the keys of the Church, a 2d. fee for admission being fixed by the Town Council.

Argyll's Lodging, not very far from the church, stands on the east side of the Castle Wynd, and is now used as a military hospital. With its pinnacled round towers and finely-decorated windows, it offers an excellent specimen of the French castellated architecture so much used in Scotland. It has an interesting history. It belonged to the accomplished poet Sir William Alexander, who in the reign of Charles I. was created Earl of Stirling, and obtained a grant of the vast territory of Nova Scotia, to be partitioned off in baronies. The mansion afterwards (1640) fell into the hands of the Argyll family, whose arms were substituted for those of the Alexanders. Charles II. here enjoyed the hospitality of the Marquis of Argyll, who little thought that his royal guest was a few years later to send him to the scaffold.

The Castle stands on the brow of a steep rock overlooking the wild Carse (Vale) of Stirling. It is the headquarters of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Strangers are admitted from sunrise to sunset (on Sunday afternoons 1 to 2 p.m. and 4 to 6 p.m.) by the Drawbridge at the head of the Esplanade, which itself is worth reaching for the view thence commanded.



PLAN OF STIRLING CASTLE.

The route from the esplanade is marked by Arrows.

Stirling Castle, as already said, has been associated with the history of Scotland from an early period. Alexander I. died within its walls in 1124, and in 1304 it held out for three months against Edward I. at the head of a powerful army. So resolute was its defence on this occasion, that it was found necessary to procure all the besieging implements in the Tower of London, and

STIRLING CASTLE FROM THE KING'S KNOT

to call upon all knights and adventurers to join the English forces. One of these engines, called the Wolf, proved peculiarly destructive ; a breach was made, the ditch was filled up with stones and rubbish, and the Castle taken. Stirling remained in the possession of the English for ten years after this, and of such importance was it considered, that to maintain its possession Edward II. assembled a great army, and undertook that invasion of Scotland which terminated in his defeat at Bannockburn. After the death of Bruce it was captured by Edward Baliol, the aspirant to the Scottish throne, and from him it was recovered for King David only after a long and obstinate siege. It was the birthplace of James III. and probably James IV. ; James V. was crowned here; and James VI. and his eldest son Prince Henry were baptized within its walls. James III. added largely to its architecture, and built, among other portions, the Parliament House. It was a favourite residence of James IV., some amusing incidents connected with the court of which gallant monarch are described in the poems of William Dunbar, "the Scottish Chaucer."

One of the most interesting parts of the building is the *Palace* —built by James V.—which occupies the south-west part of the fortress, and is in the form of a quadrangle. The sculpture on this remarkable building produces an effect of eminent richness when seen from a distance, but is somewhat grotesque when looked at close at hand. Passing through the upper square and by the side of the Chapel-royal, we reach the *Douglas Room*, where William Earl of Douglas was assassinated by King James II. (1452).

The view from the battlements (340 feet above the level of the surrounding plain) is varied and extensive. From that part of the wall called the "Queen's Look-out" we have spread before us the Vale of Menteith, bounded by Ben Lomond, which raises its graceful peak on the extreme west; Ben Venue, Ben A'an, Ben Ledi, and the cone of Ben Voirlich, follow in succession, ending with the humbler summit of Uam Var. To the north and east are the Ochil Hills, and the windings or "links" of the Forth. The Campsie Hills close the prospect to the south, and a little beyond the town on the north are the ruins of Cambuskenneth Abbey, the Abbey Craig, the Wallace Monument, and Bridge of Allan. Another favourite station for a view is the "Lady's Look-out," a small opening in the parapet wall of the garden, at the back of the governor's house.

Underneath the wall, on the north-east of the Castle, a road, called Ballengeich, furnished the fictitious name adopted by James V. in the various disguises he was in the habit of assuming for the purpose of seeing that justice was regularly administered, but more frequently from the less justifiable motive of gallantry. To the north of the Castle, on a space still called the "Heading Hill," the Duke of Albany, with the Earl of Lennox, his father-in-law, and

his two sons, were beheaded in 1424, within sight of their castle of Doune.

The area on the south side of the esplanade has been laid out partly as a public park and partly as a beautiful cemetery. The latter contains several curious monuments, among others one which would have delighted Sydney Smith, raised by a partisan more zealous than considerate "in commemoration of Protestant Truth."

On a piece of ground near the Castle stands a monument (erected 1877) to the Scottish hero-king Robert Bruce, facing the approach to the esplanade, and looking in the direction of Bannockburn.

A picturesque path, called the *Back Walk*, having its commencement at the lower part of the town, runs with a gradual ascent along the western side of the Castle rock. From this it is interesting to look down and see, still fresh and distinct, the turf embankments of the *King's Garden*. In the centre is an octagonal mound called the King's Knot, where the monarch and his courtiers engaged in the favourite amusement of the Round Table. Beyond this garden, to the south, is the *King's Park*, or Royal Chase, now used for military reviews, golf, and cricket matches. The path passes along parts of the old town wall, and beside it stands the *Trades Hall*, founded, according to the inscription, by "Robert Spittall, Taylor to King James the Fourth, For Relief of decayed Tradesmen."

Below the middle of this walk, in Dumbarton Road, is the *Smith Institute*, endowed by Thomas Stuart Smith, of Glassinghall, Perthshire, and an artist of merit. Not far from this, opposite the Corn Exchange, is the fine *Public Library*, opened 1904, of which the building was gifted by Mr. Carnegie.

By following the tram lines to the modern bridge, we may see the *Old Bridge* of Stirling, which existed long before there was any bridge upon the Tay, or any other stone bridge over the Forth, and it was thus absolutely the gate between the north and south of Scotland. Near it was fought the battle of Stirling, 13th September 1297, when the Scots under Wallace gained their first victory over the English.

Not to speak of several fine seats in the vicinity of

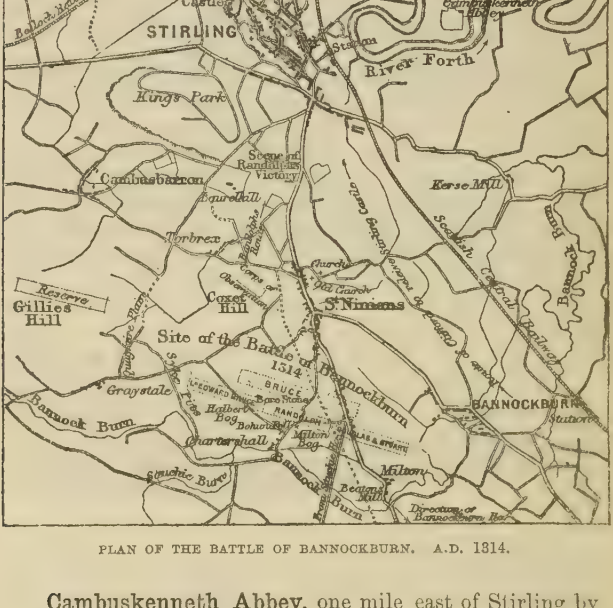
Stirling, strangers spending some little time here may be directed to several points of historic or picturesque interest within easy reach.

EXCURSIONS FROM STIRLING

The Wallace Monument, so conspicuous across the river from the Castle, is 2 miles off, and may be reached by the tram starting near the station (2d.). Raised in our generation through the exertions of Dr. C. Rogers and other ardent patriots, it crowns the *Abbey Craig* (560 feet), a finely-wooded mass of the same green trap rock as forms the base of the Castle. The monument is in the form of a lofty baronial tower (designed by the late Mr. Rochead of Glasgow), 220 feet in height. It contains memorials of other great Scotsmen, recent additions being busts of Carlyle and Gladstone. The tower may be ascended by a staircase, which winds up at one of the angles to the open crown at the top, whence there is an extensive view of the surrounding country. The Craig is the property of the town of Stirling, and is approached by an easy winding walk from the village of *Causewayhead*, on the Bridge of Allan tram route.

Bannockburn, 2 miles south of Stirling (*Tram.*). This historical spot retains scarcely any memorials of the battle save the "Bore Stone" (at which the royal standard was raised). Beaton's Mill, where James III. died, after having been thrown from his horse after the battle of Sauchie Burn, is only a few minutes' walk from the Bore Stone. North-east of the village of St. Ninians, it is said, Bruce's left wing was defended against the English cavalry by a number of concealed pits. In the rear of the position occupied by the Scottish army is the Gillies' Hill, where Bruce stationed his baggage, under the charge of the retainers of the camp. At the critical moment, when the English line was wavering, these gillies, prompted either by the enthusiasm of the moment or the

desire for plunder, suddenly appeared on the hill like a new army advancing to battle, and the English, seized with panic, fled in every direction.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN. A.D. 1314.

Cambuskenneth Abbey, one mile east of Stirling by the river and Abbey ferry, was founded by David I. in 1147, for canons regular of the order of St. Augustine, and it is said to have been one of the richest in Scotland. At the Reformation its possessions were bestowed on the Earl of Mar by James VI.; but about the year 1737 they were purchased by the Town Council of Stirling for the benefit of Cowane's Hospital. Architecturally the remains afford a fine specimen of the Early English or First Pointed Gothic, though the tower, the only part entire, is of a more heavy, massive, and Norman-looking character than the pointed architecture generally assumes in England.

Tradition having pointed out a spot near the high altar as the burial-place of James III. (in 1488) and his queen, excavations were undertaken in the year 1864, and led to the discovery of the bodies, reinterred under the present tomb erected by Queen Victoria in 1865. The tomb is ornamented with sculptures of the Scottish arms quartered with those of Denmark. (The key of the tower is kept at a neighbouring cottage.)

The **Ochils**, across the river, are a line of steep hills, rising at one summit (*Ben Cleugh*) to 2363 feet, but for the most part less boldly and richly featured than the Highland mountains facing them. The slopes are sometimes finely wooded, and there are several good view points to be ascended from Stirling, notably *Dunmyat Hill*, about 3 miles north-east of the Wallace Monument, reached through the village of *Logie*.

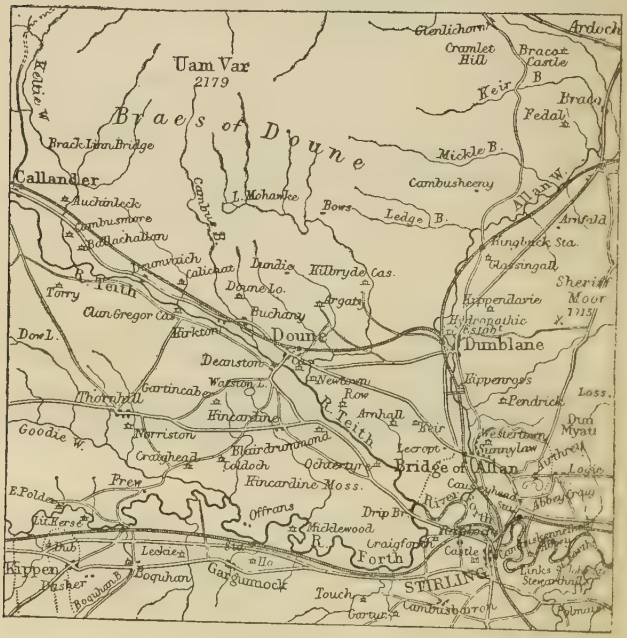
Along the edge of the *Ochils*, by the **Vale of Devon**, the North British Railway would take us easily to *Castle Campbell* above the town of *Dollar*, to the *Rumbling Bridge* and the fine falls here, to the *Crook of Devon*, and so to *Kinross* on the shores of *Loch Leven*, where rises the ruin of Queen Mary's island prison, and where a peculiar kind of trout may be caught by anglers who do not mind paying pretty high for their diversion. A branch of the same line runs eastward to **Dunfermline**, another ancient seat of Scottish royalty, still preserving the remains of its Palace and Abbey Church. These excursions, however, take us rather far afield from the Trossachs, though indeed the tale of poor "Blanche of Devon" shows this valley to have been not too far for Roderick Dhu's marauders.

In the other direction the same railway, *Forth and Clyde* line, carries us up the crooked Forth, by the district of Menteith, recently illustrated in a little book by one of its loyal sons.[1] This line would eventually lead either

[1] *Notes on Menteith*, by R. B. Cunninghame Graham; A. & C. Black London.

to Glasgow or to Dumbarton, or to Balloch on Loch Lomond, and, by a branch to *Aberfoyle*, it is one of the ways to the Trossachs.

The **Lake of Menteith,** 3 miles from the station of that name, is a circular sheet of water about 7 miles in circumference and of considerable beauty. Its two



STIRLING TO CALLANDER.

interesting islands, Talla and Inchmahome, may be visited by boat from the small *hotel* at Port of Menteith, situated on the lake side 3½ miles from the railway station.

Talla, or "The Earl," contains the ruined fortalice of the great Earls of Menteith, which was occupied down to the period of the Revolution. The ruins consist of a strong square tower, with outbuildings of no architectural peculiarity.

Inchmahome, or the "Isle of Rest," contains the remains of monastic ruins of Early English or First Pointed architecture with lancet windows. The western door is richly moulded and sculptured. In the choir are a crypt, a piscina, and other usual adjuncts of a mediæval church. There is also a recumbent monument of two figures, male and female, cut out of one large stone. The church was founded by Walter Cumyng, Earl of Menteith, second son of William, Earl of Buchan, born about 1190. The monastery was endowed at a later period for Augustine monks; was dependent on the Abbey of Cambuskenneth; and both passed after the Reformation, as a temporal lordship, to the Earl of Mar. It was to this little island that Queen Mary, then a child of five, was carried by her loyal subjects, after the disastrous battle of Pinkie, to be safe from the "rough wooing" of the English king on behalf of his son; and here she lived with her "four Marys"—Mary Beaton, Mary Seaton, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Fleming—till next year she went to France as promised bride of the Dauphin. A summer-house and hawthorn-tree are shown near the margin of the lake, as objects in which she took delight. The chestnut-trees on the island are of great size and antiquity.

To *Aberfoyle* we shall return from the Trossachs, towards which let us now follow what may be called the high road by the Caledonian Railway running north. Crossing the Forth, this line soon brings us to the *Bridge of Allan*, connected with Stirling by a tramway also.

THE BRIDGE OF ALLAN

Hotels: *Royal, Allan Water, Queen's.*

The Bridge of Allan makes an excellent centre for tourists, besides being in itself a very charming place to stay at. Many visitors who now patronise Stirling would really find themselves better off here. The season is a long one, beginning in March, and, though the summer months are apt to be a little hot, yet visitors are to be found here continuously on to the end of October. The situation of the pretty little town on the spurs of the Ochils makes it sheltered from the north, while on the south the fine views over the rolling ground from which Stirling Castle rises conspicuously, are unequalled elsewhere. The best view is from the golf course, where Ben Lomond, Ben Vorlich, and many another giant raise

their heads in the distance. There is a saline spa at *Bridge of Allan* with a Pump Room, where for a small charge visitors may read the papers. Close by is the *Hydropathic*. The *Macfarlane Museum* is at the Stirling end of the main street (admission 3d.). It contains pictures, sculpture, etc. Among the amusements may be noted the golf course, which, though only of nine holes, is very good. Fishing may be had at very reasonable charges in the River Allan under the auspices of the Angling Improvement Association, which has done much to increase the chance of sport by judicious stocking. Salmon and sea-trout, from 15th Jan. to 15th Oct.; yellow trout, from 1st March to 14th Oct. There are also bowling-greens, tennis-courts, croquet-lawns, etc. The beautiful grounds of *Airthrey* are open on Thursdays, and those of *Keir* on Friday afternoons, while the delightful walks in the neighbourhood are innumerable. Tram-cars (horse drawn) to Stirling (3 miles) every twenty minutes.

Nearly 2 miles on the way to Stirling, a road turns up over these hills. Some 2 miles farther, on the right of this road, comes the "Wishing Gate," where one can get on to the moors, and in about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile reach the top of *Dunmyat*, already mentioned. The road mounts in 2 miles more to the scene of the battle of Sheriffmuir, the Culloden of 1715, commemorated by a railed stone not far from the little inn. This is above *Dunblane*, the next station, to which there is a very pleasant hour's walk from the Bridge by a path along "the banks of Allan Water," as also by a good driving road through a charmingly wooded glen.

Longer excursions to *Dunblane*, *Doune*, *Lochearnhead*, and the *Trossachs* are quite feasible.

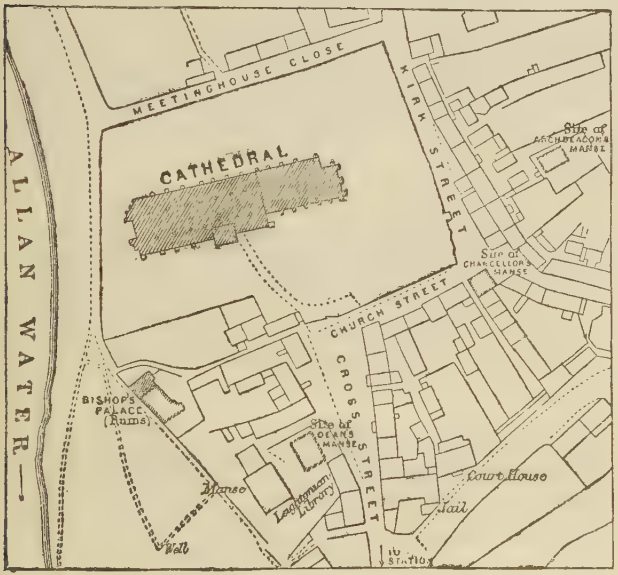
The railway runs on the other side of the Allan Water, and soon enters Perthshire.

DUNBLANE

Hotels: *Stirling Arms*; *Hydropathic Establishment* behind the town.

This small town, or large village, has an attraction rare in Scotland, its fine *Cathedral*, one of the few speci-

mens of Gothic architecture which escaped to a great extent the destruction of the Reformation period, since which it has been used as the parish church. It was restored under the skilful eye of the late Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, then again in 1888-92; and though we have known an English lady much scandalised to find "a



DUNBLANE CATHEDRAL.

Presbyterian service going on here," the modified ritual introduced of late years has, in turn, been a stumbling-block to the old school of Calvinistic simplicity. It consists of a nave with aisles, choir, chapter-house, and a square tower; nave 130 feet long by 58 broad, 50 feet high; choir 80 by 30 feet. Without the elaborate decoration of Melrose, Dunblane excels in beauty of proportion and depth of moulding. The western double-mullioned window, the

beautiful little window in the gable, and the arcading of the triforium, are exquisite.

With the exception of the tower, the whole is of one style of architecture, the Early Pointed, of one period, about the beginning of the 13th century, and built by one man, the then Bishop Clemens. The *tower*, which in style and date is classed with four others in Scotland—namely, the towers at Dunning, Muthill, St. Andrews, and Markinch—is Early Norman, and dates from a little after 1100. The *nave* consists of eight bays, and, though small and without a triforium, is much admired, a special feature being the west window—which has, generally, the form of a "forest leaf," and was greatly admired by Ruskin. The *clerestory*, which is beautifully shafted and in some parts filled with foliated work, has a passage through it as in a triforium. The choir arch rises only to about two-thirds of the height of the building, and there is consequently a space between the arch and the roof. This space is built up, and in the centre of it there are two apertures, divided by beautifully shafted piers. The so-called *chapter-house*, which some think was a sacristy, on account of the three aumbries which it contains, and others the lady chapel, communicates with the choir by a pretty cusped doorway. The *choir* is far inferior to the nave, and quite anomalous in its construction. The canopied stalls (with their beautiful tabernacle work and misereres) are placed on the north and south side of the choir, right and left of the old altar site. A fine carved screen and a communion table of carved oak make other ornaments rare in a Scottish church; and this one also contains some interesting monuments. A name strongly associated with Dunblane is Archbishop Leighton's, who left his library (still preserved) to the clergy of the diocese.

Our plan will guide the reader to some other traces of Dunblane's old ecclesiastical state. The river banks should be visited, and there is a fine walk towards the Bridge of Allan by the row of old beech trees behind the hotel. The battlefield of Sheriffmuir is a mile and a half behind, and several fine spots in the Ochils are excursion goals to the visitors of the Hydropathic, or any tourists not impatient to get on to the Highland scenery now close at hand. There is a capital golf course.

Dunblane is the junction of the branch line to Callander and Oban, where one may or may not have to change on the way for the Trossachs. This line now leaves the banks of the Allan for those of the Teith,

where we enter the *Lady of the Lake* country. The first station is not Burns's "bonny Doon," as some strangers have imagined, but a pretty Perthshire village with charms of its own.

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DOUNE

Hotels: *Woodside, Doune* Temperance (C.).

There is a quaint, yet prosperous air about the little place, where the Teith is spanned by a fine bridge owed to that public-spirited tradesman of whose liberality we have already seen proof at Stirling. An inscription panelled in the left parapet, and transcribed more legibly on the other side, tells us that "in the year of God 1535, founded was this bridge by Robert Spittel, tailor to the most noble Princess Margaret, spouse to James IV." Along with the narrative he boldly blazons a pair of scissors *en saltier*.

About half a mile below the bridge, on a peninsula formed by the junction of the Ardoch burn with the Teith, will be seen **Doune Castle**, old seat of the "bonny Earl of Moray," still a majestic pile, with its two massive square towers, its machicolations, turrets, and high embattled walls. Most striking of all is the fine commanding site, over which the trees lining the steep banks of Teith spread their dusky masses to the water's edge. The modern house stands about a mile away, and this old castle, with its spiral staircases, dungeons, and parapet walks, is open to visitors (a small fee to custodian). A large sum has been spent in putting it into a condition of ruinous repair.

"It seems to be unquestionable that the Knight of Snowdoun had slept at Doune Castle on the night previous to the chase," asserts a minister of the parish in his statistical account; and we shall not gainsay him. But there are events connected with it more distinctly ascertained. Murdoch, Duke of Albany, who governed the country when James I. was a prisoner in England, possessed this stronghold, and probably built it. The young king, when he returned, overwhelmed the whole family of Albany with fatal vengeance for the ambition which they had shown; and the

old governor himself was executed on the Castle-hill of Stirling, whence he could see the towers of his own semi-regal fortress. It became subsequently a royal residence ; and the names of several queens of Scotland, including Queen Mary, are mentioned as having been its inmates. The reader of *Waverley* may remember that Doune Castle figures there as a fortress. It was natural that the Jacobite army should make the most of it, for it was for some time the only fortalice which they preserved in Scotland. Here John Home, the author of *Douglas*, was actually a prisoner in their hands, and performed an achievement for which he ever afterwards deemed himself entitled to assume the air of a warrior. Home had been a volunteer, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Falkirk. With five others he was shut up in a chamber sufficiently far from the ground to render escape unlikely. Instigated, however, by the adventurous spirit of the poet, the prisoners twisted their bed-clothes into ropes, and descended one by one.

Along the northern bank of the river Teith is perceived, on the opposite side, *Lanrick Castle ;* and 3 miles farther we pass *Cambusmore*, where Sir Walter Scott spent several summers during his youth, and whence he wandered beyond the Highland line into those scenes that became so deeply imprinted on his memory.[1] Through the plantations of Cambusmore the Kelty, a wild mountain-stream, which farther up forms the falls of Bracklinn, makes its way towards the Teith. Adjoining Cambusmore is *Gart*, which was long the Highland resort of Lord John Russell. Just before arriving at Callander we see near the river a grassy embankment covered with trees, named the Roman Camp ; but possibly a natural formation.

[1] He has himself given a sketch of the more interesting objects on this route–

"Along thy banks, swift Teith ! they ride,
And in the race they mock thy tide ;
Torry and Lendrick now are past,
And Deanstoun lies behind them cast ;
They rise, the banner'd towers of Doune,
They sink in distant woodland soon ;
Blair-Drummond sees the hoofs strike fire,
They sweep like breeze through Ochtertyre ;
They mark, just glance, and disappear
The lofty brow of ancient Keir ;
They bathe their coursers' sweltering sides,
Dark Forth ! amid thy sluggish tides."—*Lady of the Lake.*

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CALLANDER

Hotels: *Dreadnought, Ancaster Arms, The Waverley, The Hydropathic, Caledonian, Duncan's, Eagle* (C.), (last three temp.).

The usual rate at these temperance hotels is about £3 : 3s. a week, or in practice they answer to boarding-houses of the less expensive kind.

Golf, tennis, and fishing are all available within the immediate neighbourhood of the village, at very moderate charges. The fishing in Lochs Vennachar, Achray, and Lubnaig is free; but boats are required. Tickets for fishing in the river Teith (indifferent) are issued by the Callander tackle-makers at a trifling charge.

Distances by Rail—Stirling 16 miles; Lochearnhead 12; Killin 17; Oban 71; Edinburgh 52; Glasgow 45.

This meeting-place of Highlands and Lowlands on the banks of the Teith has grown into a thriving village of about 2000 inhabitants, largely recruited in summer by holiday guests, who can have no fault to find with Callander unless that the air of the valley is apt to be a little relaxing. The popular hydropathic establishment, burned down a few years ago, has now been rebuilt. Churches, banks, reading-rooms, etc., are not wanting, nor lodgings and villas to let, much run upon in the season at this Bettws y Coed of Scotland.

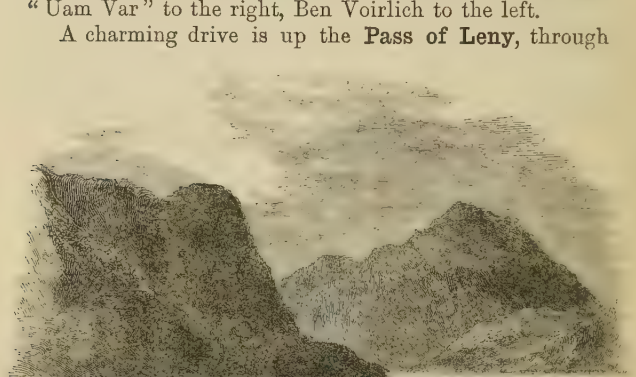
To tourists, the place is well known as the gate of the Trossachs, where they leave the railway to take coach for Loch Katrine. But at least a day or two spent here in fine weather would by no means be wasted. The scenery is very beautiful, apart from its associations with the *Lady of the Lake*, in which Callander would no doubt have figured more prominently, had its name been less intractable to the metre. The mixture of mountain and valley presents that rich variety of charms to which Scott has called attention.

The first favourite spot to which a stroll may be taken is the **Falls of Bracklinn**, about 2 miles to the north-east, reached by a pathway (*fingerpost*) from the Stirling road, at the end of the village (see p. 36). These falls consist of a series of shelving rapids and dark

linns, formed by the river Kelty, which leaps from a bank of red sandstone, among great masses of rock beneath. A rustic bridge has been thrown over the chasm, where the brook precipitates itself from a height of 50 feet.

Beyond this good walkers may cross the hills to Comrie (15 miles) by ascending the Kelty Glen, and descending to "lone Glen Artney's hazel shade," between "Uam Var" to the right, Ben Voirlich to the left.

A charming drive is up the **Pass of Leny**, through



LOCH LUBNAIG.

which the river of that ilk comes down into the north side of the Teith. The road runs near the *Falls of Leny* (to be reached by a path along the bank), then by the *Chapel of St. Bride*, and along the five miles of **Loch Lubnaig's** mountain-shadowed bosom, on the other side of which passes the railway that would also carry us on to *Strathyre* (Hotel) and *Lochearnhead* (14 miles ; see p. 80).

At a turn of the loch we pass the huge mass of rock

known as *Craig-na-co-heily*. Five miles from Callander by road is the farmhouse of *Ardchullarie*, once the country house of Bruce, the Abyssinian traveller, who retired here from the sneers of a sceptical world.

Besides the interest which attaches to this valley in connection with the *Lady of the Lake*, it is also notable as answering the description in the opening scene of the *Legend of Montrose*, when the immortal Dugald Dalgetty first comes upon the stage. The "Darnlinvarach" of the novel is identified with Ardvoirlich, a little distance north and east of Loch Lubnaig, on the southern shore of Loch Earn. Any one, in fact, who reads the first two or three chapters of the novel carefully will see that Scott had the whole of this district in view; that Dalgetty was encountered at Ardchullarie, on Loch Lubnaig side; and that thereafter the party took the hill road leading up from there to Glen Ample, down which they descended to Loch Earn.

ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

Balquhidder is a spot to be sought out for another "Waverley" association. It lies on the banks of *Loch Voil*, 2 miles west of the little station of *Kingshouse* (where trains stop only on notice being given). The station with its own name is a little farther on. The road leads by the ruins of the old chapel of Balquhidder and the graveyard, where it is not difficult to discover, a few paces in front of the eastern gable, the stone said to cover the grave of Rob Roy—a plain

worn-out slab having several fanciful figures engraved on the surface. These betoken considerable antiquity, probably of a period centuries before Rob Roy's birth—a circumstance which by no means contradicts his having been buried in this churchyard. Close to it is a more handsome stone, with armorial bearings, raised over a son of his, and a third, marked with a symbol of a sword, is popularly assigned to the grave of Helen MacGregor, his wife. Another ancient slab, called to this day *Clach Aenais* (the stone of Angus), contains a sculpture representing an ecclesiastic who, according to tradition, was a disciple of Columba, and the first Christian missionary in the district. It was at the old church of Balquhidder that the MacGregors gathered round the amputated head of the king's deer-keeper, vowing to stand by the murderers.—*Legend of Montrose.*

The modern church, shaded by a large plane-tree, stands a little way above. There is no inn at Balquhidder, but horses can be baited at the village. From the bridge across the Balvaig stream there is a good view of Loch Voil. The pedestrian may proceed up Glen Buckie and across the hills to Glenfinlas and the Brig o' Turk (see p. 55).

Another road to be taken from Callander is that up the right bank of the Teith and along the south side of **Loch Vennachar**, at the mouth of which are to be seen some intrusive features of the Glasgow Waterworks. It is about 5 miles long by 1½ broad. Carriages can drive as far as Invertrossachs, about half way up, the mansion where Queen Victoria stayed on the opening of the Waterworks in 1859. One can walk all round, near the Brig o' Turk coming into the high road for Loch Katrine, which takes the other side.

There are many other delightful scenes to be found, where we can hardly go wrong in idle rambles. No one who has limbs, lungs, and weather for the enterprise would omit to climb **Ben Ledi** (2875 feet), a Gaelic name, said to signify "Mount of God," and to have originated in the Beltane mysteries celebrated upon it.

The ascent, by no means difficult in proportion to the height, can be made either from the Pass of Leny, or, as is more commonly done, from the shoulder sloping down to the Trossachs road, which may be left about two miles out at Coilantogle, or at Portnellan, a little farther on.

At Callander, the railway turns north through the Pass of Leny, making for Lochearnhead on its way to Oban. For the Trossachs,

VIEW OF BEN LEDI FROM CALLANDER BRIDGE.

the journey is continued by coaches running in connection with the railway from the station. The Highland "coach" is a high-set char à bancs, giving a commanding view, but no protection from rain, nor from the drippings of your neighbour's umbrella. Luggage is stowed away in the hold, but there will not be unlimited room for Saratoga trunks. As the modern sons of Clan Alpine are much given to chewing tobacco, a post by the driver, usually one of distinction, may here prove a fearful joy. These coaches are multiplied

and crowded in summer—we have seen 300 people carried on one wet Saturday night, and wondered where they were all to find "rest and a guide, and food and fire." Though passing by such rugged scenery, the road is mainly level, so that cyclists are at no disadvantage. They may save a little in point of distance by keeping at first on the south side of the Teith, to join the main road by the road below Bochastle. Pedestrians have a choice of routes as far as the Brig o' Turk, as they can go on round the south side of Loch Vennachar, where carriages are brought to a stand. The coach road takes the north side of the chain of lake and river that makes this valley so charming.

Callander to the Trossachs (9 miles). The coaches start by the road up the Leny, which they leave at *Kilmahog Bridge*, their way there bending back across the river and the rail to wind round the southern flanks of Ben Ledi. Conspicuous in the valley to the left stands the palace of the rebuilt Hydropathic, while on an eminence to the right may be traced the remains of the old Fort of *Bochastle*, otherwise the "*Dùn Mòr*" (see p. 46). A large boulder on the mountain-side, known as "Samson's Putting-Stone," is also a noteworthy object. Thereafter we come in view of *Coilantogle Ford*—a ford no longer—marked by the prosaic modern buildings connected with the sluices at the lower end of Loch Vennachar, and the lake itself now lies before us, along which the road runs for some way.

Ben Venue comes in sight, filling in the background of the view as we go westward; then, as our highway begins to quit the lake, and turns up to the right, the little green meadow of *Lanrick*, rendered famous by Scott, is seen below on the left, between the road and the shore. Above Lanrick Mead (see p. 30), the coach goes by Lanrick Lodge, a shooting-box, shortly after passing which is gained the summit of the road, where one has an exquisite view of Ben Venue, the region of the Trossachs, and, in the foreground, of Loch Achray. The road now grows eminently picturesque. *Glenfinlas*, the scene of Scott's ballad of that name, stretches upward on the right hand, with, at its entrance, the scattered cottages of *Brig o' Turk;* but "Duncraggan's huts" do *not* appear to us, peeping

"like moss-grown rocks half seen." Presently the Brig o' Turk itself, spanning the Finlas stream, is "won," whence, like FitzJames, we ride on, now that the hotel once so well known to travellers has been burned down, though still on some maps it "lifts its head and lies."

We have now reached the lagoon terminating the

LOCH ACHRAY.

lower end of *Loch Achray*, at the upper end of which opens the defile of the Trossachs. Skirting the lake-side, passing by Glenbruach House and the neighbouring manse, both on the right hand, and the modern little church on the left, the coach draws up in front of the *Trossachs Hotel*, situated on the outskirts of the romantic spot to which the term "Trossachs" is specially applied.

It is the way with rapid excursionists to take only the brief rest afforded here for luncheon or other meal, and then to resume the coach journey to the pier (1¼ m. farther on) at the lower end of Loch Katrine, where a small steamer awaits to carry them on to Stronachlachar, at the upper end of that loch. From Stronachlachar one can proceed at once by coach to *Inversnaid*, on the banks of Loch Lomond, and thence by steamer and railway continue the day's tour to its termination at Edinburgh or Glasgow. But to do this is only to obtain a passing glimpse of scenery which teems with interest to every reader of the novels and the poetry of Sir Walter Scott, and which, for its own intrinsic beauty, has called forth the delighted praise of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Smollett, and a host of other writers.

The traveller who halts here has "Hobson's choice" of hostelry, which in the present case, luckily, leaves little to be desired. The *Trossachs Hotel* is a large and excellent modern one, with such minor advantages as a tennis-green, telegraph and post-office, and a flotilla of boats on Loch Achray for the use of visitors. The fishing is free and the trout are plentiful, averaging about three to a pound. The loch also contains salmon-trout, pike, and perch. But, even if one catch nothing, he can find nothing more charming than to row out into the middle of the loch on a calm summer evening, and resting on his oars, survey the billowy range of wooded knolls that form "The Trossachs," and, rising high above them, the "forehead bare" of Ben A'an. It may be noted, as a matter of special interest to American visitors, that Nathaniel Hawthorne stayed at the Trossachs Hotel in July 1857 (see his *English Note-Books*, vol. ii. pp. 303-308).

As may be supposed from its size and appointments, the Trossachs Hotel is not for all purses; but the only place in the vicinity where lodgings may be looked for, is the Brig o' Turk hamlet, which, to some extent, lays itself out for such accommodation.

Having now brought our reader to this beauty-spot of the Highlands, before proceeding to expatiate on its features, we will call his attention to the poem that first made them famous. As the Hotel presents him with a little *brochure* containing a useful map and other practical

information, so we, for our part, offer a paper by the late Astronomer-Royal, Sir G. B. Airy, in which that distinguished man of science made an *excursus* into poetry, tracing the geography of the scenes described in the *Lady of the Lake*. This essay, which any tourist would do well to study, may at all events come welcome to him in case of wet weather, such as we hope will not be his portion at the Trossachs.

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THE TOPOGRAPHY

OF

"THE LADY OF THE LAKE"

BY

SIR GEORGE BIDDELL AIRY, K.C.B.

Astronomer-Royal

ONE of the most remarkable features in Scottish geography is the straight deep valley, which in its southern part is nearly filled by Loch Lomond, and in its northern part, under the name of Glen Falloch, extends to Crianlarich, where it meets the head of Glen Dochart. Adopting the eastern side of this valley, from the deep gap of Inversnaid to Crianlarich, as a base, a chain of mountain country projects from that base, in a nearly E.S.E. direction; bounded on the north by Glen Dochart, Glen Ogle, Loch Earn, and the river Earn to its confluence with the Tay; and on the south by the gap of Inversnaid, Loch Arklet, the greater part of Loch Katrine, the Achray Water at the south side of the Trossachs, Loch Achray, the Dubh Ahnaimm Water, Loch Vennachar, the Teith to Stirling, and part of the course of the Devon.

The different clusters of lofty ground in this chain bear the following names:—

The first or westernmost contains the Braes of Balquhidder, with the Ben More of Glen Dochart, Loch Voil, Ben A'an, and the forest of Glen Finlas, with Ben Ledi. It is terminated eastward by the cleft of the Pass of Leny, Loch Lubnaig, and Strathyre: the Callander and Oban Railway now runs through this cleft.

The second cluster towards the east contains Ben Voirlich, the large basin of Glen Artney (nearly meeting at its head the Kelty Water of Callander, but with no distinct gap or pass) and the Braes of Doune, including Uam Var. The ground slopes

down gradually to the south-east into Strath Allan, through which, by the side of the Allan Water, passes the railway from Stirling to Perth.

Between this depression and the lower grounds towards the Forth rises the third cluster, the steep and lofty Ochil Hills. They contain nothing of interest for this poem, except that the Devon Water rises in their bosom and takes a south-easterly course, then suddenly changes its direction to south-west under the face of the hills, and falls into the Forth near Stirling.

Northward of the northern boundary of the chain of mountain country which I have described, there are, in the western section, the mountains of Breadalbane, and in the eastern section, Strath Earn and the lowlands of Perthshire; which, however, contain nothing of interest for the present discussion. But southward of the southern boundary there are,—first, south of the Inversnaid Gap, Ben Lomond, and the neighbouring districts of Craig Royston, along the banks of Loch Lomond (the abode of the fierce clan of MacGregor); then, immediately south of the east end of Loch Katrine, is Ben Venue; after this, south of Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar, is the lowland district of Menteith, followed by the low country of the Forth about and beyond Stirling.

I shall now proceed with the analysis of the poem.

CANTO I

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glen Artney's hazel shade;
But, when the sun his beacon red
Had kindled on Ben Voirlich's head,
The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way," etc.

In the second cluster of mountains to which I have alluded above is the wide basin of Glen Artney. Its streams unite into the Ruchill Water, which runs towards the north-east and north, and falls into the Earn near the village of Comrie. In the angle between the south side of the Earn and the east side of the Ruchill, and near the roadside, is Dealgin Ross, where there are still obscure traces of a large rectangular camp, which General Roy has identified as one of Agricola's camps. The projections of the high grounds approach on the east and west sides of the gap through which the Ruchill escapes. From the western projection, nearly 4 miles west of Comrie, a small stream descends to the north, and falls into the Earn very near St. Fillans, at the east end of Loch Earn. This small stream is the Monan (called the "Gonan" in the Ordnance Map).

The stag, passing up by this stream over the western projection of the high grounds, descended at once into one of the upper dells of Glen Artney. (There are still some hazels in Glen Artney, but perhaps nothing which can be called a copse.) It appears that the party of hunters must have come from the north side of the Earn, crossing it at the bridge of Comrie. Ben Voirlich was not in sight till they had ascended far up the valley.

The writer of this commentary once took a light carriage from Comrie, with the idea of finding a distinct road over the head of the Glen Artney basin to Callander. The road was passably good for a considerable distance, till, in approaching the principal glen and feeder of the Ruchill Water (the glen is called Glen Grachan in Black's large map, and the stream is called Allt an Dubh Choirein in the Ordnance Map), which descends directly from Ben Voirlich, it was seen that the bold bridge over the stream was broken. A practicable ford was found a little lower; after this, the road ascended a soft moor, in which every trace of path was soon lost. The horse occasionally sank to his shoulders. The writer and his friend almost carried the vehicle over the moss, till they found a track along one of the branches of the Kelty, and descended on Callander.

Before reaching the broken bridge, we had on our eastern or left hand the steep bare slope up to the heights of Uam Var, commemorated in the lines—

> "For, ere that steep ascent was won,
> High in his pathway hung the sun."

The stag, which had been roused from the northern side of Glen Artney (to which the way by the Monan had led him), had crossed the width of the glen south-south-easterly to the slope of Uam Var.

> "The noble stag was pausing now
> Upon the mountain's southern brow;
> Where, broad extended, lay beneath
> The varied realms of fair Menteith.
> With anxious eye he wandered o'er
> Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,
> And pondered refuge from his toil
> By far Loch Ard or Aberfoyle;
> But nearer was the copeswood gray
> That waved and wept on Loch Achray,
> And mingled with the pine-trees blue
> On the bold cliffs of Ben Venue."

The term "southern brow" applies well to the face of Uam Var which overlooks the Teith, as will be seen on viewing it from the grounds south of Callander; the face appears almost mural. The command of Menteith is correctly described.

The writer once gained the summit of Uam Var by an interesting course. Quitting the Stirling and Perth Railway at the Greenloaning station, he walked to Ardoch, where he surveyed the Roman fort, an admirable specimen of the smaller class of permanent fort, with treble ramparts and ditches. Going into the village of Braco, he found an intelligent guide, with whom, crossing the Keir brook, he rose by a long and easy ascent to the summit. The walking at the top was exceedingly laborious, from the depth of the fissures in the peat. The first leading mark which there greeted his eye was the summit of Ben Lomond, which guided the view easily towards Loch Ard and Aberfoyle (both upon the principal head of the Forth, which rises in Ben Lomond); the next was Ben Venue; and the third was the glitter of Loch Vennachar. The water of Loch Achray was not visible; but the wooded slopes in its neighbourhood were seen. The descent towards Callander was made by an eastern branch of the Kelty.

For the places mentioned in the following lines of the poem, it will suffice to remark that Cambusmore ("Great Church"[1]) is a hamlet (about two miles south-east of Callander, between the Kelty and the side of the present road), near to which the stag and the hunters must have descended; that on approaching Callander, the southern slopes of Ben Ledi become conspicuous; that Bochastle is a large house and offices (to gain which, the chase must have crossed the river flowing from Loch Lubnaig), near the eastern extremity of Loch Vennachar, standing in sound meadow-ground, which here is called "Bochastle's heath," but in another canto is called "Bochastle's plain," and in the lines introductory to the single combat is called "a wide and level green." The chase then passed westward along the north side of Loch Vennachar, under the steep slopes of Ben Ledi (which in the latter part presses very closely on the lake), and arrived at the Brig o' Turk. The Turk is the stream which rises midway between Loch Voil and Loch Achray, flows southwardly through Glen Finlas, and falls into the river which carries the water of Loch Achray into Loch Vennachar. Glen Finlas is the western boundary of Ben Ledi. We shall have to allude again to the pass between Ben Ledi and Loch Vennachar, and to the entrance of Glen Finlas.

After the Brig o' Turk, the one remaining horseman continued to follow the stag along the shore of Loch Achray. And here it is to be remarked that the "margin of the lake" is now in a state very different from that supposed in the poem, which apparently represents its condition as Walter Scott first knew it. The present marginal road is entirely artificial, formed in some measure by blasting down the rocks. The original footways, which passed through the rocky and wood-covered hills

[1] Rather "The Great Bend," or curve of the river?—Ed.

that bound the north side of Loch Achray, seem to be quite obliterated. (I have endeavoured to trace one path rising from the Manse, and one beyond the Trossachs Hotel, but have soon lost all signs of them.) The old way cannot have passed in any great degree by the lake-side, and the chase by the lake-side must have been over very rough ground. Thus in the poem—

> "Between the precipice and brake,
> O'er stock and rock, their race they take."

> "The hunter viewed the mountain high,
> That lone lake's western boundary,
> And deemed the stag must turn to bay
> Where that huge rampire barred the way."

In the latter part of the course by the side of Loch Achray, and more especially at the little plain between the lake and the Trossach rocks, Ben Venue is full in front. The stag and the hunter pressed on, not towards the present road through the Trossachs, but rounding the lake in a W.S.W. direction, towards Ben Venue; and it was in one of the dells in that part of the Trossachs, before reaching the Achray Water, that the "gallant grey" perished. It will be seen hereafter that the same locality is indicated by an incident preceding the interview with Blanche of Devon.

> "I little thought, when first thy rein
> I slacked upon the banks of Seine," etc.

In reference to the ultimate *dénouement*, it is to be remarked that, a few years after the death of James IV. at Flodden, his widow, Queen Margaret, retired to France, and James V., then a boy, probably accompanied her. Allusion is again made to foreign education in the combat, Canto V., in the words "trained abroad[1] his arms to wield."

Then follows the description, unsurpassed in beauty, of the path through the Trossachs, commencing with

> "The western waves of ebbing day."

I have never seen the Trossachs under the combined conditions of evening hour and splendid weather best answering to this description; but I believe that, in these circumstances, the poetical account is not exaggerated. The district is one of the most remarkable that I have ever seen. As viewed from above, the most favourable positions for which are on the ascent of the crags near Ben A'an, it is seen to be a confused collection of hills, with no leading cleft, and no wide opening of any kind

[1] The art of fencing with the rapier appears to have been introduced into Britain in the reign of Henry VIII., not far from the time of this poem. Allusion to it as practised at a later time by Sir Piercie Shafton occurs in the *Monastery*.

among them.[1] The chasm through which the present roadway is carried appears to be the easiest for passage from Loch Achray towards Loch Katrine ; there is, however, one or more to the left (south) ; and one to the right (north), through which

THE TROSSACHS, LOOKING WEST.

I have forced my way, and which I could almost conjecture to be Scott's glen ; the latter of these drops upon Loch Katrine

1 One of the hollows, under a steep rock, is called "Sgiath nam mucan dubha" ("Shelter of the black hogs"). The name of the second mountain in Scotland is "Ben Muichdhui" ("Hill of the black hog"). It seems not improbable that the wild boar may have inhabited these localities. It is conjectured that the names "Grisdale" and "Grassmoor," in Cumberland, have been derived from the same circumstances.

where a small stream falls, one-fifth of a mile north of the steamboat pier. And there are numerous cross-chasms, creating a most confused geography.

The first contracted view of Loch Katrine has been slightly modified; the lake-side roads are shifted, some rocks are covered with water, etc., by the elevation (about five feet) which has been given to it by the sluice arrangements of the Glasgow Waterworks. But the first wider view which the tourist sees is that which FitzJames saw, "an inland sea," not the whole lake, but a portion interrupted by a peninsular projection from the north shore. It is well to remark, that Scott's term "the glen" includes this portion of the lake—thus the lines

> "Till each [mound], retiring, claims to be
> An islet in an inland sea,"

are immediately followed by

> "And now, to issue from the glen," etc.

To escape from this contracted space, FitzJames walked along the north shore of the lake, separated from it for a time by the peninsula; after passing the peninsula, and passing the white-pebble beach, he came to a "far-projecting precipice"; not far overhanging, but far projecting from the mountains across the flat land into the lake, and absolutely stopping the path by the lake-side. For the guidance of the tourist, I give the following accurate measures and directions. From the steamboat-pier to the white-pebble beach (a little beyond the peninsula) is four-fifths of a mile. From the white-pebble beach to the "projecting precipice," which terminates to the left in FitzJames's rock, is half a mile. The modern road has been rising gradually, till at this point it attains its greatest height, about 50 feet above the lake; it is here partially built up and partially cut out of the rock; the lake is immediately below, and the cliff rises perpendicularly above. A low wall will be seen, rising gradually to the right; and behind this wall is an obscure path. On walking up this path, and turning a little to the left, the summit of the rock is gained, 120 feet (by aneroid) above the lake. The glorious view here obtained, when Loch Katrine

> "In all her length far winding lay,
> With promontory, creek, and bay,
> And islands that, empurpled bright,
> Floated amid the livelier light,
> And mountains, that like giants stand,
> To sentinel enchanted land,'

is described accurately by Scott. I observed, from the rock, the course of the steamboat in its entire voyage to the

Stronachlachar pier. This direction is almost exactly westward, so that the appearance—

> "One burnished sheet of living gold
> Loch Katrine lay beneath him rolled"—

at FitzJames's evening visit to the rock may have been literally correct.

And FitzJames's suggestions on the proper ornaments to the scene—

> "On this bold brow a lordly tower,
> In that soft vale a lady's bower,
> On yonder meadow, far away,
> The turrets of a cloister gray,"

are perfectly adapted to the objects in view. The top of the rock is flat, about 80 feet square, well fitted for a "lordly tower"; "the soft vale" I imagine to be the green smooth point about half a mile to the north, or possibly the first open fields of Strath Gartney; and the "meadow" is undoubtedly the more distant green fields and cultivated grounds of Strath Gartney, all fully in sight.

It is worthy of remark that Scott's lines—

> "And when the midnight moon shall lave
> Her forehead in the silvery wave,
> How solemn on the ear would come
> The holy matin's distant hum!"

are astronomically correct. The "midnight moon" is the moon which is most conspicuous at midnight, or is on the meridian at midnight; and her "laving her forehead in the western waves of Loch Katrine" implies that six hours (more or less) have passed since midnight, and the time for convent-matins has arrived.

The obscure path of which I have spoken is, I imagine, a remnant of the ancient, difficult path described by Scott—

> "The broom's tough roots his ladder made," etc.

The ridge of which the rock is the termination is called in the 6-inch Ordnance Map "Druim Beag" ("little ridge"). The broad face of the rock, which rises perpendicularly from the water to the summit, is conspicuously seen from the lake, and also from the Strath Gartney road; it is seen, but less conspicuously, from the road in the neighbourhood of the peninsula and the white-pebble beach.

The identity of Ellen's Isle with the island visited by FitzJames, and the general determination of the position, are established with certainty by its position in regard to FitzJames's rock, as well as by "the beach of pebbles white as snow," to which attention is also called in the third canto, as

"the silver beach's side," and "that silvery bay," and which is found here, and nowhere else, I believe, on the shore of Loch Katrine. (It is a beach of quartz pebbles, apparently from a quartz vein in the gneiss rock.) The characteristics of the mountains in sight are accurately described :—

> "High to the south, huge Ben Venue
> Down to the lake in masses threw
> Rocks, mounds, and knolls, confusedly hurled,
> The fragments of an earlier world ;
> A wildering forest feathered o'er
> His ruined sides and summit hoar ;
> While on the north, in middle air,
> Ben A'an heaved high his forehead bare.

When I first visited Loch Katrine, a great deal of the "wildering forest" was in existence, but it is now totally destroyed.

I have ascended Ben Ledi, Ben Venue, and Ben A'an. The view from Ben Ledi is not interesting. That from Ben Venue commands Ben Lomond and the Ben More of Glen Dochart and other mountains of Breadalbane, and a portion of Loch Katrine ; that from Ben A'an, which is a lower hill, gives a better command of the Trossachs and the nearest parts of Loch Katrine.

FitzJames's comments upon his suspicions and dreams refer with sufficient clearness to the struggle in which James V. finally crushed the power of the family of Douglas.

CANTO II

The first canto of the poem is an excellent introduction to the scenery of the "Lady of the Lake." The second has often been admired as an introduction of Roderick Dhu and his martial—or rather ruffianly—exploits. It concerns us here only so far as it places before us the geography of his enterprises.

In one of Ellen's speeches occurs the phrase "a Lennox foray." The Lennox was the lowland district surrounding the south end of Loch Lomond, included in the modern Dumbartonshire. The distance from Ellen's Isle gives an idea of the extent to which the forays or savage incursions of the Highlanders were carried.

"Bracklinn's thundering wave," to which Ellen alludes, is a waterfall on the principal branch of the Kelty. To visit it, it is necessary to ascend a lane which leaves the main road at the east end of Callander, for a quarter of a mile, and then to take a track to the right, which, though unenclosed, is fairly traceable, for nearly a mile. The stream is not very large, but the circumstances are striking. The water falls over the perpendicular face of a stratified rock.

"Maronnan's cell" is described in Scott's note as at Kilmaronock, near the south-east angle of Loch Lomond.

The flotilla bearing Roderick and his clansmen is seen as "bearing downwards from Glengyle," a glen at the upper end of Loch Katrine. (Briancoil is much nearer to the island.) As it appears, from the song which follows, that they had come from Loch Lomond, it is plain that they had passed through the Inversnaid Gap; subsequent allusions seem to show that, in some instances at least, the course along Loch Lomond was not by water, but by the paths through Craig Royston, and along the eastern side of the lake; though, in this instance, the places mentioned would be better reached by boats. The clansmen's song has the following triumphant stanza:—

"Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin,
And Bannochar's groans to our slogan replied;
Glen Luss and Ross Dhu, they are smoking in ruin;
And the best of Loch Lomond lie dead on its side.
Widow and Saxon maid
Long shall lament our raid,
Think of Clan Alpine with fear and with woe;
Lennox and Leven-glen
Shake when they hear again
Roderick vich Alpine dhu! ho, ieroe!"

Glen Fruin is on the western side of Loch Lomond, and opens on the lake near its southern extremity; Bannochar is a hamlet in Glen Fruin. Glen Luss is also on the west side, but farther north. Ross Dhu is a mansion upon a headland and bay between Glen Fruin and Glen Luss. Leven-glen is the valley of the river Leven,[1] by which the water of Loch Lomond is discharged into the Clyde at Dumbarton. Thus all the places above mentioned are situate on the south-western angle of Loch Lomond.

Douglas, in a speech to Malcolm Græme, alludes to his former residence, Bothwell Castle, and to Blantyre Priory, thus:—

"O'er the arch'd gate of Bothwell proud."

"Though Blantyre hymn'd her holiest lays,
And Bothwell's bards flung back my praise.

Blantyre Priory and Bothwell Castle are both a few miles south-east of Glasgow, on opposite sides of the Clyde, and nearly opposite to each other. It appears from "Marmion" that Bothwell Castle was built or inhabited in the reign of James IV. (the king of Scotland who was killed at Flodden) by Archibald Bell-the-Cat—

[1] It is said that the ancient name of Loch Lomond was Loch Leven. Combining this with the circumstance that near Kinross there is another Loch Leven, with another Lomond Hill, it would seem probable that, in some extinct language, Leven signified "lake" and Lomond signified "mountain."

"The same who left the dusky vale
Of Hermitage,[1] in Liddesdale,
Its dungeons and its towers,
Where Bothwell's turrets brave the air,
And Bothwell bank is blooming fair,
To fix his princely bowers."

It must be remembered that the events of the "Lady of the Lake" refer to the reign of James V. (the father of Mary Queen of Scots).

Douglas also mentions Strath Endrick as the dwelling-place of Malcolm Græme. This is the valley of the Endrick, a stream which, after a westerly flow of considerable length, falls into the south-eastern angle of Loch Lomond.

Roderick Dhu refers, in justification of his alarm, to the tyrannous measures of King James towards the chiefs of Ettrick Forest and the Border, in the words—

"Loud cries their blood from Meggat's Mead,
From Yarrow Braes and banks of Tweed,
Where the lone streams of Ettrick glide,
And from the silver Teviot's tide."

The Meggat is a small stream which falls into St. Mary's Loch, a lake in the course of the Yarrow. The Yarrow joins the Ettrick, which unites with the Tweed below Selkirk. The Ettrick and Yarrow rise in the great mountain-group called Ettrick Forest. The Teviot, which rises in the mountains on the Cumberland border, joins the Tweed at Kelso.

Roderick in expressing his hope of marriage with Ellen, utters the ferocious threat—

"When the loud pipes my bridal tell,
The Links of Forth shall hear the knell;
The guards shall start in Stirling's porch;
And, when I light my nuptial torch,
A thousand villages in flames
Shall scare the slumbers of King James.

The Links of Forth are flat meadows by the side of the Forth, near Stirling. Thus this wanton destruction was to be carried close to an important seat of royalty.

CANTO III

Brian the Hermit lived in a glen of Ben Harrow. This, in Black's smaller map, is a mountain a short distance east of Glen Falloch, not far north of the north end of Loch Lomond,

[1] Scott makes repeated mention of Hermitage Castle in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and in the "Bridal of Triermain." The writer of this essay visited it from the Riccarton railway-station. It seems difficult to imagine what motive can have led to the establishment of such a fortress in such a wild district.

in the Braes of Balquhidder. Inch Cailliach (the southernmost but one of the large islands of Loch Lomond) is sufficiently described in Scott's notes.

"The muster-place is Lanrick Mead."

Lanrick House is a dwelling-house near the upper end of Loch Vennachar (where the stream from Loch Achray enters Loch Vennachar); and, in going from Callander towards the Trossachs, this is the first place where the slopes of Ben Ledi, after pressing closely to the lake-side, are somewhat withdrawn from it. Lanrick Mead is a large meadow below the house. The enemies whom Roderick expected would probably come from Doune Castle, and must pass through the narrow space between Ben Ledi and Loch Vennachar; but incursions might also be made from Menteith, crossing the stream between the two lakes. The assembling of the armed men of the clan at Lanrick Mead would be an admirable preparation against both lines of attack.

The description of the course of Malise in carrying the Fiery Cross shows that he did not take any simple path. There were undoubtedly Highland huts right and left of any direct path through the Trossachs, and through the hill ground between Loch Achray and the high cliffs of Ben A'an, and he had to visit all or most of these. In taking cross-ways from one to another, he would encounter the difficulties expressed in the spirited stanza beginning with "Speed, Malise, speed."

It is certain that, in the times to which this poem is supposed to apply, and through the rebellion of 1745, and even to the end of the last century, the population of the Highlands was very much greater than it is now. Every chieftain had considered it to be his interest to collect as many people as possible on his domains, for military purposes. But the complete subjugation of the Highlands in 1745, and the enforcement of the Act passed in 1747 "for the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions," made it the pecuniary interest of chieftains to remove from their lands all the population except the very small proportion who could be employed in tending sheep. This removal was effected almost by violence; and to the present day "the clearance system" is a term frequently to be heard in the Highlands. The change in the aspect of the country thus produced is strongly and pathetically exhibited in the Introduction to the *Legend of Montrose*. "One southland farmer, three gray-plaided shepherds, and six dogs, now tenanted the whole glen, which in his [Sergeant More McAlpin's] youth had maintained in content, if not in competence, upwards of two hundred inhabitants."

To return to the course of the Fiery Cross. Malise carried it as far as Duncraggan, a village (now a small one) where the

valley of the Turk opens out towards the plain between Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar. Here the son of the deceased Duncan received it, and carried it under the range of Ben Ledi, along the whole length of Loch Vennachar, to the mouth of the Pass of Leny or Strathyre, nearly abreast of Bochastle; he then turned to the left up the pass, and crossed the river below Loch Lubnaig. (St. Bride's Chapel and Tombea are on the east side of Loch Lubnaig, and Armandave on the west.) At this point the bridegroom received the Fiery Cross, and carried it northwardly by the east side of Lubnaig to Kingshouse; thence it was borne westwardly by Loch Voil, Loch Doine, and the Water of Balvaig, as if directed to the head of Loch Lomond, and then southwardly upon Strath Gartney, the land on the northern side of Loch Katrine.

> "That summer morn had Roderick Dhu
> Surveyed the skirts of Ben Venue,
> And sent his scouts o'er hill and heath,
> To view the frontiers of Menteith.
> All backward came with news of truce:
> Still lay each martial Græme and Bruce;
> In Rednock courts no horsemen wait,
> No banner waved on Cardross gate,
> On Duchray's towers no beacon shone,
> Nor scared the herons from Loch Chon."

Cardross is a house on the Forth, due south of Bochastle. Rednock is a castle, now in ruins, midway between Bochastle and Cardross. Duchray Castle is on Duchray Water, a stream south of Loch Ard, which descends to Aberfoyle. Loch Chon is a small lake north-west of Loch Ard.

The scene now changes to the Pass of Beal-nam-bo ("the Cattle Pass") and the Goblin Cave. And I can but express my astonishment that, of the enormous number of visitors to the Trossachs, so few visit this pass, within an hour's walk of the hotel, and offering by far the grandest scenery in this district. In Scott's description, Stanza xxvi., sufficient discrimination is not made between the Beal-nam-bo and the Goblin Cave, though they are perfectly distinguished in Stanza xxvii. The lines—

> "The dell upon the mountain's crest
> Yawned like a gash on warrior's breast,"

and those which follow, well describe the Beal-nam-bo. To visit it, the tourist on foot may pass from the hotel round the head of Loch Achray, cross the Achray Water by a bridge, then turn to the right, and pass (by sufferance only) through the yards of the Achray farm, where a bridge will carry him over the stream which descends from Ben Venue, after which he will find a pleasant path along the elevated bank of the Achray Water, followed by a somewhat marshy way through stony meadows, and thus he will reach the sluice at the east

end of Loch Katrine. This is the more instructive way of approaching, as it gives a close view of "the eastern ridge of Ben Venue" on one side, and a view of the rock-hills of the Trossachs immediately across the stream on the other side. But the sluice may be gained somewhat more easily, not by crossing the Achray Water, but by passing through the Trossachs and taking a boat to the sluice: the row thither is exceedingly beautiful. From the sluice the walk must be continued parallel to the lake-side, but separated from it by rocky swells (some of the "rocks, mounds, and knolls, confusedly hurled," which FitzJames saw, in the first canto); in fact, it is impossible to walk by the side of the lake. The dell of the Beal-nam-bo is now before the tourist, with the great cliffs of Ben Venue to the left, the rocky swells to the right, and the narrow cleft which "yawns like a gash on warrior's breast" high in front. At two gaps between the rocky swells there are sloping descents to the lake-side. The ascent to the cliff is steep, but not very troublesome. On the ground there are numerous blocks which have fallen from the cliffs, some of large dimensions. The whole scene is very grand. Of the birch-trees which Scott particularly mentions, very few remain.

After passing through the cleft, a shoulder of Ben Venue is reached, I think less than 1000 feet above the lake. It does, however, command the surface of the moors surrounding Ben A'an; and, in the distance, among other mountains, the Ben More of Glen Dochart is well seen from it.

I have not actually passed beyond this point; but it appears to me that there is no difficulty in maintaining a rather elevated course for some distance, and finally descending by a stream called in the Ordnance Map, Alt Culligart, by which a practicable road on the lake-side, leading to Stronachlachar, at the entrance to the Inversnaid Gap, would be reached.

The utility of the Beal-nam-bo as a cattle-pass is thus explained. Suppose cattle to be driven from the south end of Loch Lomond to Inversnaid and Stronachlachar. They could not then proceed to Loch Achray by the lake-side of Loch Katrine, because there is no possibility of passing the cliffs; and, though a practicable road may be found by Loch Ard, and south of Ben Venue, they could not venture on it, as it would lead them into the hostile district of Menteith. By rising to the head of the Beal-nam-bo and descending to the Achray Water, all difficulties were avoided.

Among the huge blocks in the lower part of the pass, there are many places which would give imperfect shelter, but there is none that answers to the Goblin Cave, and Scott himself avows this in his note. The place whose character approaches nearest to it is that (probably the same to which Scott refers) to which boatmen usually conduct strangers, situate in the

lower of the sloping descents between the rocky swells; it is utterly unfit for the rest even of a single person.

I may remark that in the Ordnance 6-inch Map the name Coir-nan-Uriskin (there spelt Coire-nan-Uruisgean) is appropriated to the swelling ground which forms the northern boundary of the narrow cleft, or perhaps to the depression east of that swell. The name ought to be placed in the next easterly depression.

Roderick Dhu apparently did not descend to the outfall of the lake at the present sluice, but took the more rapid slope directly to Loch Katrine, between the rocky swells to the right which I have mentioned above; thence he was rowed to the beach of white pebbles, passed through the Trossachs and parallel to Loch Achray, and thus reached Lanrick Mead at the nearest point of Loch Vennachar.

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CANTO IV

"Brian an augury has tried
(Of that dread kind which must not be
Unless in dread extremity),—
The Taghairm called."

Scott's description of this mode of seeking an oracle is taken almost verbatim from Pennant's *Tour*, vol. ii. p. 311. It is stated there as practised in the district of Trotterness in Skye, and as being confined to a single family.

I may take this opportunity of remarking that Scott's name of the clan appears to be taken from the same work, vol. ii. p. 8:—"The Mackinnons possess a small part of Skye; are a very ancient people, and call themselves Clan Alpin, or the descendants of Alpin, a Scottish monarch in the ninth century."

Duncraggan's milk-white bull is described as

"The choicest of the prey we had,
When swept our merry-men Gallangad;

. . . . . .

He kept our stoutest kerns in awe,
Even at the pass of Beal'maha;

. . . . . .

But when we came to Dennan's Row,
A child might scatheless stroke his brow."

At the south-eastern corner of Loch Lomond is a small lowland plain, of which Drymen is the principal village; it is nearly surrounded by mountains, and in particular is overlooked by the Gallan Hill. This plain is the Gallangad. The return towards Loch Katrine was by the east side of Loch Lomond, through the Pass of Beal'maha, correctly described by Pennant as "the narrow pass of Bualmacha, where the

Grampian Hills finish in the lake." (It is a narrow road under the cliffs by the lake-side.) The return continued to Dennan's Row, or Rowardennan, a ferry-station well known to tourists as a place of easy ascent to Ben Lomond. It is almost unnecessary to add that the return continued to Inversnaid, and afterwards by the Beal-nam-bo.

The description of the bull,—

> "His hide was snow, his horns were dark,
> His red eye glowed like fiery spark,"

agrees very nearly with that of the mountain-bull in the poem of "Cadzow Castle," and with that in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, chapter v.

The place at which Brian waited for prophetic inspiration is thus described :—

> "That bull was slain; his reeking hide
> They stretched the cataract beside,
> Whose waters their wild tumult toss
> Adown the black and craggy boss
> Of that huge cliff, whose ample verge
> Tradition calls the Hero's Targe.
> Couch'd on a shelf beneath its brink,
>
> The wizard waits prophetic dream,
> Nor distant rests the chief."

And the conversation which precedes shows that the place was near the station by the side of Loch Vennachar where Norman stood sentinel; and that which follows shows that it was near the assembly of the clansmen on Lanrick Mead.

The following point answers every condition, and is, I have no doubt, the place which Scott had in view. About half a mile from the Bridge of Turk, on the side next Callander, a country lane leads in a north-west direction through the grounds and houses of Duncraggan, approaching gradually to the river Turk. Or, the same point may be reached by a footpath, which, starting from the east end of the Bridge of Turk, meets the country road in the village of Duncraggan. The valley contracts rapidly, and, at the distance of half a mile from the main road, becomes a very sharp gorge; on the opposite or western side of the stream is a huge black rock, of shelfy form; and below it the river descends in a violent cataract. I have no doubt that this is the supposed place of Brian's couch. The rock is called in the Ordnance 6-inch Map, Sgiath Mhic Griogair.[1]

[1] I have received from James Carpenter, Esq., the gentleman employed in the examination of the Gaelic names in the maps of the Ordnance Survey, by the kind intermediation of General Sir Henry James, Superintendent of the Survey, the following interesting information :—

"The word *Sgiath*, in general, signifies a wing, a shield, target, or buckler; a shelter, or protection, etc.

"The name *Sgiath Mhic Griogair* means MacGregor's Shelter. And the

Roderick Dhu now learns that a very formidable military attack is in preparation, and may be expected on the following day. He remarks that—

> "Strengthened by these [*the clans of Earn*], we well might bide
> The battle on Ben Ledi's side."

Although he is half in doubt of receiving the assistance of the clans of Earn, and speaks of placing his men in the defile of the Trossachs, he sends them for the present to the neighbouring slopes of Ben Ledi, overhanging Loch Vennachar, where they remain till the next morning. Roderick had heard of the return of FitzJames, suspects him to be a spy, and has doomed him to death (to fulfil the augury). He has directed Red Murdoch, FitzJames's guide, to "lead his steps aside."

The scene changes to the Goblin Cave, where Ellen and the harper (Douglas having left) are suddenly visited by FitzJames, who, after his departure from the island, had spent the remainder of his day of departure and the whole third day of the poem in the Lowlands, and now returns on the fourth day to offer his love to Ellen. He must have come by the road from Stirling along the south side of the Teith, Loch Vennachar, and Loch Achray, which is the direct route to the Beal-nam-bo. Thus he saw nothing of the muster at Lanrick. He then turned back on his return to the Lowlands. On descending towards Loch Achray, his guide, who ought to have continued on the south side of the Achray Water, but "had charge to lead his steps aside," led him across the Achray Water, probably where it divides into two shallow streams, surrounding the island Garbh Innis, into the Trossachs, where a suspicious shout is explained by the sight of FitzJames's dead horse. This shows that the place attributed in Canto I. to the horse's death was in one of the dells nearest to Ben Venue. After this it is impossible, from the nature of FitzJames's perplexed movements, to conjecture what course he is supposed to take. The events of the next morning are best explained by supposing that he met Roderick Dhu near the north side of the Trossachs, probably not far from the place where the modern road, or the other path from a glen parallel to it, reaches the shore of Loch Katrine.

tradition of the locality states that it was a hiding-place of an outlaw of the name of MacGregor (the grandfather of the noted Rob Roy MacGregor), after he had killed MacPherson of Cluny."

Comparing this with Scott's note, it will be seen that the legend is substantially the same, and that the identification of the place is certain. But it appears that, among the various interpretations of the word *Sgiath*, Scott adopted that which is inapplicable; instead of "the Hero's Targe," he ought to have said, "the Hero's Shelter," or "MacGregor's Shelter." If the tradition be correct, Scott has committed a very pardonable anachronism, as Rob Roy's grandfather must have lived at a later time than that of the "Lady of the Lake."

Allusion to the meeting with Blanche of Devon is required only to point out the extent of the destructive enterprises of Roderick Dhu. The Allan is a well-known river, flowing from the N.N.E., and entering the Forth near Stirling. The river Devon in the greater part of its course is only a few miles north of the Forth below Stirling, and falls into that river near Stirling. In foraying Devon-side, therefore, Roderick Dhu had passed Stirling, and was ravaging the country in sight of Stirling. Thus, from Dumbarton to a district beyond Stirling, the whole country was kept in terror by the rapacious and ruthless brigands of Clan Alpin.

CANTO V

The character of the first portion of the path by which Roderick conducted FitzJames in an easterly direction is thus described :—

> "A wildering path! they winded now
> Along the precipice's brow,
> Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
> The windings of the Forth and Teith,
> And all the vales between that lie,
> Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky.
> Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
> Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
> 'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
> Assistance from the hand to gain,
> So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
> Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew."

And in a subsequent stanza, Roderick addresses FitzJames—

> "Saxon, from yonder mountain high
> I marked thee send delighted eye," etc.,—

looking down upon an extensive and rich country. Loch Achray is not mentioned. It is quite clear that the supposed path was high[1] on the line of lofty cliffs which range north of the Trossachs and Loch Achray, much higher than the hills of the Trossachs, or those which press on Loch Achray, and not far below Ben A'an. They are accessible without much difficulty by the watercourse which descends behind the Trossachs Hotel. I ascended thus, with the water on the left hand, till I gained an insulated point, 925 feet (by aneroid) above Loch Achray, called in the Ordnance Map "Sron

[1] The Highlanders prided themselves on their power of passing through the country by lofty paths. Thus, in the *Legend of Montrose*, Ranald M'Eagh says, "While others crawl on the level ground, by the sides of lakes and streams, ours are the steep hollows of the inaccessible mountains, the birthplace of the desert springs."

Armailte" ("the army headland"). A somewhat lower path might be taken on its slope towards the lake. The view is much interrupted by the Menteith Hills. I descended through a steep and troublesome copse to the Turk. I conceive, therefore, that Scott's Roderick, rising gradually from a station near to Loch Katrine, by a path in the Trossachs close to the foot of the cliffs, entered the watercourse at a good elevation, then rose actually to the brow, and continued round it till he descended to the river Turk. In horizontal plan this was the shortest way. He continued his course eastward between the steeps of Ben Ledi (where the clansmen were posted and were exhibited to FitzJames) and Loch Vennachar. It would appear, from the circumstances of the battle in the afternoon, that the clansmen were already under orders to withdraw to the gorge of the Trossachs.

In speaking of Coilantogle Ford, where the single combat took place, Scott has (without inaccuracy) introduced a little confusion, by the mention, in the text, of what he considers as the intrenchments of the Romans, and, in the note, of the "Dun of Bochastle."—Coilantogle Ford was, as Scott states, at the outlet of Loch Vennachar; it is now destroyed as a ford by the erection of the great sluices connected with the Loch Katrine Waterworks.—The Dun (usually called the Dunmore) of Bochastle is on a detached conical rocky hill connected with the south-eastern angle of Ben Ledi. Its position gives it the command of the two Passes of Leny and Loch Vennachar. A part of its intrenchments can be seen in profile from the doorsteps of the Dreadnought Hotel at Callander. The plan of the work is actually given on the 6-inch Ordnance Map. On one side, the hill-face, a mere cliff, requires no fortification: in other parts it has three or sometimes four ramparts and ditches; in one direction, where the ground does not sink quite so fast, there is a small intrenched outwork; and in the centre of the principal work there is a water-cistern.—The supposed Roman intrenchment is on the north bank of the Teith, nearly abreast of the eastern extremity of Callander. It is open to the river; a crooked line of very well formed earthen ramparts, whose ends terminate at the river-bank, enclose a small meadow. The plan of the earthworks is that of half of a modern star-fort. The work is certainly not Roman, nor of any ancient date. It is very well planned for defence by musketry. I think it most probable that, before the erection of the stone bridge of Callander, there had been a bridge at this place, leading from the more loyal province of Menteith to the unreclaimed districts of the mountaineers, and giving easy communication both (by Loch Vennachar) to Loch Katrine and (by the Pass of Leny) to Loch Earn and Loch Tay, and that this intrenchment has been a *tête-du-pont* for the protection of the bridge.

The single combat took place on the north side of the Teith (Roderick and FitzJames having crossed "the wide and level green," "Bochastle's plain"). FitzJames, as soon as he was joined by his squires, crossed the Teith at Carhonie (Gartchonzie in the Ordnance Map), took the principal road towards Stirling on the south side of the Teith, passed several mansions (whose names are differently spelt in the maps), crossed the Forth near its confluence with the Teith, and passed round the north extremity of Stirling, from which they would command the view of Cambuskenneth Abbey (in the meadows beyond the Forth) and of the way by which Douglas must come from the Abbey towards the Castle. The place of the sports appears to have been "The King's Park," south-west of the city.

CANTO VI

The only parts of this canto which are connected with the subject before us are those which relate to Allan Bane's description of the battle. It is to be understood that Ellen, having received FitzJames's ring, was making her way, on the day following their interview, from the Goblin Cave to Stirling, accompanied by Allan Bane. They would pass through the Achray farm, having so far had the "eastern ridge of Ben Venue" on their right hand; they would then continue on the south side of Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar, upon the same line of road which FitzJames gained lower down by crossing the Teith at Carhonie. As the view of Loch Achray from this line is not perfect, Allan Bane apparently climbed the lower rocks of the eastern ridge of Ben Venue to see it better; and hence he beheld the royal troops, who had come, not from Stirling, but from Doune, which is on the north side of the Teith, and who naturally were approaching the Trossachs by the way of the north side of Loch Vennachar and Loch Achray. He witnessed the fight in which the clansmen were driven into the defile, and then hastened back through the Achray farm along the side of the Achray Water (by the route recommended to tourists in Canto III. above), and gained some of the rocks of Beal-nam-bo, which command the view of the outlets from the Trossachs and from the "inland sea" of the first canto to Loch Katrine.

The "Beal'an Duine," or "Pass of the man," which Scott has adopted as giving the name of the battle, is a dell parallel to the lake-side at the white-pebble beach, and about a furlong from the lake; it is said to contain the grave of one of Cromwell's soldiers.

The clansmen, in the poem, appear to have been driven to

the top of the ridge which ends in FitzJames's rock ; from this point, their arrows would command the neighbouring parts of the lake towards the island, as represented in the poem.

It is to be supposed that Allan Bane subsequently returned to Achray, and that there, with Ellen, he had an interview with the Earl of Mar.

In terminating the notes on this beautiful poem, I remark that the accuracy of Scott's topography gives a mental reality to the incidents, and the pleasure in examining them on the spot, such as I have never experienced in reference to any other literature.

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THE TROSSACHS DISTRICT

THE TROSSACHS

We may be in some doubt where to begin in describing the beauties so thickly set about the Trossachs Hotel; but the traveller's instinct will probably be to follow the coach road to its termination at the pier on Loch Katrine, and thither we first accompany him, longer and more arduous excursions being suggested later on.

To Loch Katrine by the new road. This makes a lovely walk of 1¼ mile, leading through the Pass of the Trossachs, yet not, let it be remembered, by quite the same way as would be taken in FitzJames's day. Having reached the waterside, one would turn along it by the road on the right, which might be continued all the way up to *Glengyle* at the farther end. But the saunterer may prefer to take one of the rowing-boats on hire at the pier, by which he can best visit the points of interest named in *The Lady of the Lake*, situated quite near this end of the loch.

The rates charged for these boats are 2s., 3s., and 4s. for 1, 2, and 3 hours respectively; or 6s. for the whole day. "Over four persons, 6d. extra per hour." Trout ¼ lb. to 1 lb. may be fished for (free).

Passing out through the channel of the Trossachs, and making for the left hand shore, at the base of Ben Venue, one there discerns the tumbled mass of rocks among which the "Goblin Cave" is understood to be situated

(see pp. 40, 44), although the name of "corrie" or ravine describes the place more correctly; its Gaelic name being *Coire-nan-Uruisgean*, that is, the Hollow or Ravine of the Brownies.

Writing in 1806, the Rev. Dr. Graham observes of these Brownies or *Urisks*: "They were supposed to be dispersed over the Highlands, each in his own wild recess; but the solemn stated meetings of the order were regularly held in this cave of Benivenow. This current superstition, no doubt, alludes to some circumstance in the ancient history of this country: perhaps it may have taken its rise, like the superstition of the *Daoine Shi'*, or *Men of peace*, from the abolition and proscription of the Druidical order, under the Fingallian Dynasty."

Beal'-nam-bo, or the Pass of the Cattle, is higher up on the mountain-side. Making towards the opposite or northern shore of Loch Katrine, we soon reach the bosky

ELLEN'S ISLE, LOCH KATRINE.

Eilean Molach ("The Shaggy Island"), better known as **"Ellen's Isle,"** in which centres so much of the interest of Scott's poem. As this picturesque islet makes a capital place for a picnic, the unsentimental traveller, as well as those of a more poetic turn, cannot do better than land here for half an hour's rest and refreshment.

Those who prefer history to fiction will be interested to know that, when Cromwell's soldiers were invading the district, this island was used as a refuge for the Highland women and children. It appears, also, that one of the Cromwellians, desiring to possess himself of the boat which the refugees had with them, swam out to the island, but before he could get ashore was promptly beheaded by a certain Helen Stuart, which effectually discouraged his comrades from making a similar attempt. This incident, says Scott, gave him the idea of the twentieth stanza of his sixth canto; the closing scene of the "Battle of Beal-an-Duine" which Sir G. B. Airy places at the dell beside the Silver Strand. It is possible that this Helen stood godmother to the island; but a less romantic explanation is, or has been stated, that Scott mistook the name *Eilean* (pron. *Ellan*, island) given him by his Gaelic boatman.

Quitting Ellen's Isle and all its memories, we now cross to the **Silver Strand**, on the northern margin of the lake, a place which is much more poetic in name than in reality. There is not much strand, and what there is of it not specially silvery. It must be remembered, however, that the raising of the level of the loch for the purposes of the Glasgow Water Supply, in 1859, has submerged much of the beach, which, prior to that date, was more extensive and probably more beautiful.

A round can now be made by the **Old Pass of the Trossachs** (3 miles in all). The natural and easiest way of access to Loch Katrine from the Trossachs Hotel is, as mentioned above, the regular coach-road. But it must be remembered that this is not the road of Sir Walter Scott's time, to attain which one must proceed along the coach-road, westwards from the hotel, until, at a distance of several hundred yards, just beyond the upper extremity of Loch Achray, one sees a path leading up into the wood on the right hand. A board bearing the legend "Circular Walk through the Old Pass and Return by Trossachs" renders all mistake impossible. By following this track one has an interesting ramble through copse-wood, and over

rugged ground, till the loch is gained. It may be noted that, although a local Guide makes the Old Pass the scene of the death of FitzJames's "gallant grey," Sir George Airy (see p. 32) places that incident in a much more suitable locality. The poet, knowing the ground as he did, would never have conceived the idea of a tired-out stag or a foundered horse attempting the rugged ascent of the Old Pass.

The Pass of Achray (3½ miles). Some distance farther along the road from the ticket at the entrance to the Old Pass, there is another board—this time on the *left-hand* side,—which indicates the "Circular Walk by the Path of the Sluices and Pass of Achray"; leading towards Ben Venue as far as the Sluices at the outlet of Loch Katrine, having crossed which one turns to the left in the direction of Loch Achray. The path is sufficiently defined throughout, and passes through charming scenery, the air fragrant with the scent of the bog-myrtle, or sweet gale.

Above the Sluices lies **Beal'-nam-bo**, the "Pass of the Cattle." The full form of this word is *Bealach* (pass), akin to the Welsh *Bwlch*. The view hence over Loch Katrine is very fine; and the way has been already described by Sir George Airy (see p. 40).

Ben A'an (1750 feet). Time and weather permitting, the visitor ought certainly to make the ascent of Ben A'an, a hill of moderate height, but possessing a magnificent view. This should take an hour, or little more, by the best route, as follows:—Mount by the track which, beginning at the laundry of the hotel, leads to the summit of Craigmore; but, on reaching the top of the *first* rocky acclivity, turn to the left along a broad, grassy ledge. By taking this line one avoids the dense grove of birches in the hollow, and starts on a higher level. One then comes to an upland valley, stretching to the foot of the peak of Ben A'an. But this valley must be eschewed, as to follow it would mean a very severe ascent at the

finish. Keep well up to the right hand, maintaining a level of half way up the serrated ridge, and thus approaching the peak almost from behind. The view from its rocky pinnacle is extensive and varied. Loch Katrine stretches out as it were from one's very feet, and to the eastward lie the lochs of Achray and Vennachar. Opposite rises huge Ben Venue, and beyond it, to the right, one has a peep of Ben Lomond ; while far off, bounding the view to the north and north-west, are the heads of Stobinain, Ben More, Ben Voirlich, and the Cobbler.

Instead of returning to the hotel by the route of ascent, a pleasant change is to descend to the Silver Strand on Loch Katrine, or by the more abrupt descent into the Old Pass of the Trossachs, through which the shore of the loch may be attained in half an hour from the summit.

Sron Armailte (1149 feet). This hill, rising behind the hotel, on the eastern side of the stream, is an easy climb. It looks into Glenfinlas, across to Ben Ledi, and eastwards to Loch Vennachar and Callander. Here, as Sir G. B. Airy has told us, we are near the elevated line along which Roderick Dhu led FitzJames to the combat at Coilantogle.

Round **Loch Achray** (4 miles). This may be taken either way, but the route more to be recommended is that by the coach-road to Brig o' Turk. After crossing the "Brig," take the first turning to the right and follow the lane to the little Bridge of Michael (otherwise "Brig o' Mickle"). Thereafter, turn to the right and pursue the track along the southern shore of Loch Achray (unfit for driving or cycling), until one gains the road leading round the western end of the loch.

By taking this route, instead of going the reverse way, one has the advantage of facing the picturesque knolls of the Trossachs and the bold ridge which culminates in the abrupt and striking peak of Ben A'an.

Brig o' Turk and up Glenfinlas (4 Routes). This makes an hour's walk as far as *Achnahard Farm* (so marked on the map, but commonly called *Glenfinlas*), whence we will indicate four possible extensions of the excursion in various directions.

On emerging from the hotel, turn to left and retrace a mile and a half of the road from Callander. After crossing the Brig o' Turk, take short cut through a meadow to the left, if the object be to proceed at once up Glenfinlas. But, by continuing along the road for a few hundred yards, one can make a close inspection of the straggling little hamlet of Brig o' Turk, where lodgings might be looked for by those making some stay.

Proceeding up the glen road from this tiny village, we reach, after a walk of half a mile or so, *The Waterfall*, a picturesque series of cascades. On the opposite bank of the stream rises the rock known as "The Hero's Targe," referred to in *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto IV. Continuing the road, with groves of birch and hazel on either side, we emerge into an upland meadow, where the brawling voice of the stream is suddenly hushed into a gentle murmur. Beyond this, a wider oasis of fertile cultivated land is reached, and, passing through a gate in a high deer-fence, we advance towards the farm settlement of *Achnahard* or *Glenfinlas*, 2 miles from the main valley. Disregarding the more important house in front, continue along the road, which here veers to the left, for two or three hundred yards, and, crossing the wooden bridge that spans a tributary streamlet, obtain further information at the nearest house. This is desirable, at any rate, where one be without an Ordnance Map; as there are three or four ways which start from this point. But with a good map the following directions will prove sufficient.

(1) *Achnahard to Loch Lubnaig and Strathyre.*—Ascend the right-hand side (*i.e.* the left bank of the stream) of *Glen Caiseag* (pron. *Cash'ag*), the lowest or most southerly of three glens which converge in the neighbourhood of this farm. On reaching the watershed, descend towards *Laggan*, near the upper end of Loch

Lubnaig. Then follow the road up the side of the loch to Strathyre, where one can get the train down to Callander. The distance from Achnahard to Strathyre, by the map, is about 7 miles ; but the hilly nature of the walk must of course be taken into account.

(2) *Achnahard to Balquhidder and Loch Voil.*—Ascend the slight rising ground at the back of the farm, and on reaching the wall follow it along to the left. Thereafter, keep along the right-hand side (*i.e.* the left bank of the stream) of *Glen Mâ'an*, which lies between Glen Caiseag and upper Glenfinlas. This stream is marked *Allt Gleann nam Meann* on the Ordnance Map, sheets 38 and 46 of which the adventurous pedestrian is assumed to have with him. Ascend Glen Mâ'an, maintaining all the time a high level above the course of the stream. After going up the glen 3 miles from Achnahard, continue due north, leaving the burn and *Lag a' Phuill* on the left hand; and, ascending to the 1500 feet level, pass by *Lianach*, which keep on the right hand. At this point the route leaves Ord. Sh. 38, a little E. of 4° 24 W. long., and enters Sh. 46, where *Bealach a' Chonnaidh* will be noted. Take the pass immediately N.W. of this "Bealach,"and bear off along right bank of Calair Burn, which cross at farm of Bailemore (pron. *Ballymore*). Thence descend to Balquhidder, at E. end of Loch Voil, an easy walk of 2½ miles. Two miles E. of Balquhidder is King's House Inn, where one may stay the night ; or else take train from *King's House Station* (at which trains do not stop unless request has been made, by telegraph or otherwise) north to *Lochearnhead* (good hotel), or south to Callander. This walk, which is often taken and presents no real difficulties, would be a matter of at least 4 hours. (*For Balquhidder and the tombs of the Macgregors, see p.* 21.)

(3) *Achnahard to Loch Katrine.*—Although this does not seem to be a recognised walk, it may be suggested to the more enterprising pedestrian. The route is to ascend the main glen (Glenfinlas proper) for 3 miles, and then, striking off to the left, cross the mountain at *Bealach na h'Imriche* and descend upon the shooting-lodge of Bren-na-choil, whence walk down Loch Katrine side to the Trossachs. Measured on the map, the distance from Achnahard to the hotel by this line is about 9 miles.

(4) *Achnahard to Trossachs Hotel via the Armailte.*—This "circular walk" makes a pleasant ramble to any one staying at the Trossachs Hotel, and it can be accomplished easily in the afternoon. The directions are :—Enter the gate opposite the house at Achnahard already referred to as a starting-point. From this house one can see a boulder, visible against the sky, on the ridge of the opposite hill, which gives the line of route. Follow footpath to stream, having diverged into *narrow* track on left at first bifurcation of footpath. This leads direct to bridge across Finlas Water. Then make up through enclosure to gate in wall, and follow

path, very rudely indicated and eventually lost, ascending to the "col" of Armailte. On reaching the "col" and the boulder just mentioned, cross wire fence; and the view of Ben Venue and the Trossachs opens out before you. On the right hand are the abrupt rocks of Ben A'an, while far off to the west one sees the Cobbler and the jagged peaks above Loch Long. At this point the peak of *Sron Armailte* may be ascended without much extra expenditure of time or breath.

The rest is simple; the descent to the hotel (keeping Achray

BEN VENUE AS SEEN FROM LOCH KATRINE.

Shooting-Lodge in front) being a matter of only 15 or 20 minutes. The whole walk is a pleasant round of 2 or 3 hours, the scenery throughout is interesting, and in crossing the neck of the Armailte one may chance to startle a herd of deer.

Ascent of Ben Venue (N.W. peak 2393 feet; S.E. peak 2386 feet). This is a somewhat arduous climb, and the result is sometimes voted not worth so much trouble;

especially as the flanks of the mountain itself shut out the view to the south. At any rate, no visitor ought to omit the walk to *Bealach-nam-bo* (referred to on pp. 40, 52), even although his ambition should not soar higher. The easiest way of reaching the latter point is to take the Path to the Sluices (see p. 52); whence one may also proceed to the summit itself. Another way of access to the summit is by ascending the right bank of Achray Water as far as the broad green track leading upward, a little to the west of Achray Shooting-Lodge. The general direction of the two paths to the summit of Ben Venue is indicated clearly enough in the little pocket-map supplied at the Trossachs Hotel.

The Trossachs Pier to Aberfoyle, *by Coach*, meeting all trains in season (7 miles). From the middle of May to mid-October there are two coaches daily from the Trossachs Pier to Aberfoyle, and two the reverse way. Those at the pier await the steamer coming down Loch Katrine, and it is advisable for residents at the Trossachs Hotel to walk to the pier and secure their seats before the arrival of the steamer. By this means, the charming drive through the defile of the Trossachs is also secured. Otherwise, the coach might be met at the corner where the Aberfoyle road branches off, a few hundred yards west of the hotel. At this point, we turn into the road skirting the upper end of Loch Achray, and then commence the winding ascent of the opposite hillside, in the course of which admirable views are obtained of the whole territory of the Trossachs, backed by distant Ben More, while below and eastward stretches the valley of Lochs Achray and Vennachar, with Callander nestling at its farther end, and the mass of Ben Ledi rising up on its northern side. After losing sight of this valley, we come to *Loch Drunkie*, a pretty little loch lying hidden among the hills on our left. (Fishing excellent, but preserved.) A little farther on, "in a sort of cup on the top of a hill," on our left, but invisible from the road, lies "the desolate hill tarn

known as *Loch Reoichte*," one of those "curious black hill lochs, generally in peaty hollows, with water black as jet, peopled with little muddy trout, and often overgrown with water-lilies." (Mr. Cunninghame Graham's *Notes on Menteith*, pp. 67, 68.)

Passing the so-called "Rob Roy's Well" by the wayside,[1] we come to the Slate Quarries situated in a recess of the mountains on the right hand, whence a cable-track conveys loaded trucks down to Aberfoyle by a steep incline. As we emerge from the pass, the fertile and level districts of Menteith and Strath-Endrick stretch out before us, having in the background the range of the Campsie Fells, terminated on the right by the bold peak of Dun Goin. Just before we descend on Aberfoyle, a fine view opens out westward of the lovely valley of Aberfoyle, the silvery stream of the Forth meandering through it, with a peep of Loch Ard to the right, and the stately mass of Ben Lomond standing up in the background.

Cyclists should be aware that this road—a private one—closed to them for a time, in consequence of an accident through coach horses being startled, has now been re-opened on payment of a small toll.

ABERFOYLE

Hotels: *Bailie Nicol Jarvie—Aberfoyle* Temperance (C.).

The Clachan of Aberfoyle, by no means so primitive as in Scott's day, has a striking situation at the base of *Craigmore*, an abrupt hill 1271 feet high, in front of which flows the "infant Forth," here known as the *Avon Dhu* (Black Water), which Gaelic scholars would spell *Abhainn Dubh*. This place, as we have already mentioned (p. 12), is the terminus of a branch of the Forth and Clyde Railway, which makes it now one of the regular approaches to the Trossachs from Edinburgh and Glasgow. But besides being a station on our route, it is a village where one may spend some days delightfully, even if

[1] "Rob Roy's Well is really under Craig Vadh," above the Slate Quarries, says Mr. Cunninghame Graham.

deprived of "all the comforts of the Sautmarket," as one no longer need be.

Lovely in itself, and teeming with many memories, the Aberfoyle valley forms an attractive complement to its neighbour of the Trossachs. Hither came the immortal Bailie Nicol Jarvie, after jogging across Drymen Moor with his two companions, on their way to keep tryst with Rob Roy. And it was in the primitive tavern of the Clachan of Aberfoyle that the gallant Bailie distinguished himself by his sudden and successful onslaught on his Highland antagonist. That this was no fiction is proved by the fact that the Bailie's weapon, a plough-coulter, may still be seen hanging from a tree opposite the hotel. Moreover, the bough from which he swung suspended by his coat-tails, "like a cloak flung ower a cloak-pin," is even yet pointed out,—a little farther up the valley. But if these relics do not wholly satisfy the historian, the following are certainly facts. "Monk the Restorer [General Monk] led his more or less merry men through the Pass of Aberfoyle. He addressed a letter to the Earl of Airth desiring him to order the cutting down of the woods of Miltown and Glessart in Aberfoyle, 'which are grete shelters to the rebelles and mossers.' . . . In the same Pass of Aberfoyle the Earl of Glencairn and Graham of Duchray defeated a party of my Lord Protector's soldiers."—Mr. Cunninghame Graham's *Menteith.*

The last event, it may be observed, took place some sixty years before the less authentic defeat of Captain Thornton's forces, described in the pages of *Rob Roy.* Then, too, there is the story of the 17th-century minister of Aberfoyle, who was in league with the fairies, and who (in the words of Mr. Andrew Lang)—

> "When the roaring Garry ran
> Red with the life-blood of Dundee,
> When coats were turning, crowns were falling,
> Wandered along his valley still,
> And heard their mystic voices calling
> From fairy knowe and haunted hill."

Of him one reads a good deal in the writings of Sir

Walter Scott, as well as in later works; and it is largely on this account that the "Fairy Knowe," otherwise the "Doon Hill," opposite the hotel, is regarded as one of the chief objects of interest at Aberfoyle.

Scott tells us that in the year 1688 the minister in question "was, it seems, walking upon a little eminence to the west of the present manse, which is still held a *Dun Shie*, or fairy mound, when he sunk down in what seemed to mortals a fit, and was supposed to be dead." It is explained, however, that he had been carried off by the local fairies. Sir Walter further mentions that "an eminently beautiful little conical hill, near the eastern extremity of the valley, was held by the neighbourhood to contain within its unseen caverns the palaces of the fairies."

Referring to the fairies of the district, Dr. Graham says: "About a mile beyond the source of the Forth, above Loch Con, there is a place called *Coir-shi'an*, or the *Cove of the men of peace*, which is still supposed to be a favourite place of their residence. In the neighbourhood are to be seen many round, conical eminences; particularly one, near the head of the lake; by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sunset. It is believed that if on Hallow Eve any person alone goes round one of these hills nine times, towards the left hand (*sinistrorsum*), a door shall open by which he shall be admitted into their subterraneous abodes."

But such old-world tales and fancies have little fascination for some modern travellers, to whom the chief attraction of Loch Ard will not consist even in its association with the tragic drowning of the gauger Morris, but rather in the statement that it is "famous for the quality of its trout, which are esteemed to be nearly as good as those of Loch Leven." (Boats for the loch may be hired at the hotel; the fishing is free.) And golfers will be interested to learn that there is a capital 9-hole course, of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile, at Aberfoyle, with club-house and box accommodation. (Terms for visitors: 7s. 6d. for one month, 10s. for two months.)

From Aberfoyle up the valley to *Stronachlachar*, at the head of Loch Katrine, is a walk of 12 miles (the road quite practicable to cyclists, though somewhat rough) through charming scenery; and the first few miles are

rendered doubly interesting by their association with some of the most stirring passages in *Rob Roy*. It was up this narrow valley that Captain Thornton's regiment, guided by "the Dougal creature," advanced until they were arrested by the imposing figure of Helen Macgregor; and here the accommodating native points out "The Bailie's Rock and Tree," as well as "the famous cave of Rob Roy." **Loch Ard** is reached at 2 miles from Aberfoyle. It is a beautiful little loch, $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles long by about half a mile wide. Near its southern shore are *Eilean*

LOCH ARD AND PEAK OF BEN LOMOND.

Gorm, "The Green Isle," and the ruins of a castle attributed to Murdoch, Duke of Albany; while above its north-western extremity are the **Falls of Ledard**, easily reached from the road ($4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Aberfoyle). To the devotee of Scott these falls possess a twofold interest. They form the scene of Osbaldistone's farewell to Helen Macgregor, and they have also supplied the author of *Waverley* with the setting to Flora MacIvor's song—

> "There is mist on the mountain, and night on the vale,
> But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael."

It may be pointed out, however, that while Scott

(*Waverley*, Note 10) distinctly states that this is the waterfall which he had in view in describing that scene, its situation does not accord with that of Tully-Veolan, or of Vich Ian Vohr's castle.

From Ledard, Osbaldistone and the Bailie, escorted by Rob Roy, are supposed to have set out for Rowardennan on Loch Lomond, traversing the "dreary yet romantic country" lying around the base of Ben Lomond, a walk of 8 or 9 miles for any pedestrian who is not afraid of a rough moorland journey. The route is: Follow the road skirting the west end of Loch Ard and leading southward to Blarchatachan; but, instead of going quite to that place, take the fork which goes in a south-westerly direction by *Tom-an-Eas* to the *Bruach Caoruinn Burn*,—which ascend as far as *Moin Eich*, where strike the well-defined path leading down to *Rowardennan Inn*.

The summit of *Ben Lomond* may also be reached by following the same line as far as *Moin Eich*, at which point ascend instead of descending the beaten track. But the more direct road is that recommended by the Rev. Dr. Graham in 1806. "In visiting Ben Lomond from Aberfoyle, the distance from the base being 9 miles, the traveller, about a mile beyond the upper end of Loch Ard, strikes off to the left, and having crossed a small hill, enters into Glendow [*Gleann Dubh*]. He begins his ascent at the farmhouse of Cromar, at the farthest extremity of the glen. The ascent is steep and rugged, but it is short; and having advanced for the most part through a deep and narrow ravine, the traveller finds himself suddenly on the summit, emerging as it were from the hollow bosom of a large crater."—Graham's *Sketches*, p. 60.

Two miles up the valley from Loch Ard, the lower extremity of **Loch Chon** (pronounced almost as *Con*) is reached. "Lying 290 feet above sea-level, it has an utmost length from N.N.W. to S.S.E. of $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile, whilst its width varies between $1\frac{3}{4}$ and 3 furlongs . . . its waters abound with trout, averaging $\frac{3}{4}$ lb." — *Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland.*

Three miles more from the upper end of Loch Chon, with a stiff hill to dismount cyclists, brings one to *Stronachlachar*, and the margin of Loch Katrine.

LOCH KATRINE

The name of this lovely lake is by no means so romantic as its aspect, if, as Scott suggests, it was originally

so called from the *caterans* (robbers) who infested its shores. "Lying 364 feet above sea-level, it curves 8 miles east-south-eastward, and opposite Letter farm, has an utmost width of $7\frac{1}{4}$ furlongs, with a maximum depth of 78 fathoms. Glengyle Water flows $3\frac{7}{8}$ miles south-eastward to its head, and from its foot it sends off Achray Water $1\frac{3}{4}$ mile east-by-southward to Loch Achray, belonging thus to the basin of the Teith; whilst forty-eight rivulets leap down the hill-sides to its shores." — *Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland*, edited by F. H. Groome.

A foot-road, suitable for light cars, but not to be recommended to cyclists, skirts the northern shore, from the Trossachs to the head of the lake; there is no path-way from the Trossachs along the southern side. Thus, the only available route for tourists going to or from Stronachlachar and the Trossachs is by water.

The steamboat, in which we embark at Trossachs Pier, makes several daily trips up and down the loch (Sundays excepted) in the summer season, taking about forty-five minutes on the way. The first stage of its voyage has been already described on p. 50. Steering through the little strait which separates Ellen's Isle from the shore, we round the northern promontory of the island and head up the loch. On the right hand is the shooting-lodge of *Brennachoil*, the "Brianchoil" of *The Lady of the Lake;* and the imaginative traveller may here picture to himself the galleys of Roderick Dhu sweeping down from the Macgregor fastness of Glengyle,[1] to the stirring chorus of "Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances." Opposite Brennachoil are the cottages of *Glasachoile*, at the embouchure of a mountain stream that issues from *Lochan a Cheird* (the Tinker's Loch), concealed high up in a hollow of the hill, "in which the mysterious water-bull

[1] Although Scott does not distinctly say so in the poem, his "Roderick Dhu" is an early Rob Roy. He bears the badge of the Macgregors, the pine-tree; his home is at Glengyle; and his clan is that of the Macgregors —Clan Alpine.

of the Highland legends was said to dwell." This loch, at all events, swarms with small trout, not exceeding a quarter of a pound.

Farther up on the same side of Loch Katrine is the station of the **Glasgow Waterworks**, where the supply leaves the lake, by a tunnel piercing through the mountain, and the aqueduct goes thence to Glasgow, a distance of 36 miles. The ceremony of tapping the loch was performed by Queen Victoria on 14th October 1859. A new tunnel is (1896) being made, in view of the projected raising of the level of the loch by 5 feet, in order to furnish Glasgow with a still greater supply. Here, by a pleasant custom, the Glasgow bailies periodically seek relief from their civic duties, and they have also the privilege of disporting themselves, in alternate fortnights, at the *ci-devant* hotel of Stronachlachar, now fitted up as a modern villa. Thus has Bailie Nicol Jarvie ultimately displaced Rob Roy!

About this point a view of Ben Lomond is obtained from the steamer, and soon after we reach the upper end of the loch, hemmed in by the wild mountains of Glengyle. Our journey by water now comes to an end at the pier of **Stronachlachar**, where a coach awaits to convey passengers to *Inversnaid*, on "the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond."

But, unless one be pressed for time, one cannot do better than spend a day or two at this picturesque and truly Highland spot, superior in some respects to the more celebrated Trossachs. The new *Stronachlachar Hotel* commands a charming view of Loch Katrine. When the Wordsworths and Coleridge visited this place in 1804, it seemed to Dorothy Wordsworth "but a dreary prospect . . . like a barren Ulswater—Ulswater dismantled of its grandeur, and cropped of its lesser beauties." But the tasteful plantations of recent years, although not so extensive as might be desired, have softened and enriched the immediate neighbourhood; and the surrounding region, almost quite unscathed by tourist traffic, presents opportunities for several enjoyable rambles. In one of

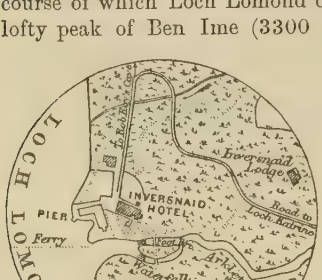
the pleasure-boats belonging to the hotel, we may cross to the burying-ground of the Clan Gregor, or row up to the birthplace of Rob Roy, or explore the many picturesque recesses of wild and sequestered Glengyle. A short stroll northwards from the pier leads to the spot where Dorothy Wordsworth "found William sitting on the top of a small eminence, whence we saw the real head of the lake [$2\frac{3}{8}$ miles north-west of Stronachlachar], which was pushed up into the vale a considerable way beyond the promontory where we now sate. The view up the lake," she observes, "was very pleasing, resembling Thirlmere below Armboth."

As Stronachlachar is the headquarters of anglers fishing Loch Katrine and the neighbouring streams and lochans, it is advisable to secure one's bedroom in advance. The loch itself contains "some char, abundance of good trout, and pike running up to 20 lbs."; and the charge for a boat, including boatman, is 6s. per day. (For details as to the other waters, see Watson Lyall's *Sportsman's Guide.*)

Stronachlachar to Inversnaid. (Distance 5 miles; and a road with quite fair surface.) Shortly after leaving Stronachlachar, we pass, on the left hand, the road leading to Loch Chon, Loch Ard, and Aberfoyle (see p. 62), and immediately thereafter proceed along the side of **Loch Arklet** ($1\frac{1}{4}$ m. long), abounding in fine red-fleshed trout. At its farther end is *Corriearklet*, stated to have been the original residence of Rob Roy and the birthplace of Helen his wife. Two miles beyond this, on the right, is the site of the *Old Fort of Inversnaid*, erected by Government in 1713 to check the turbulence of the Macgregors. The estate of Inversnaid had been purchased by Rob Roy from a nephew of his about the year 1695, and until its seizure in 1712-13 he was rightfully designated "of Inversnaid." Indeed, it was not until he had become a "broken man" through distress and persecution, that he assumed the lawless character by which he is now best known. Another interesting fact in connection with

Inversnaid Fort is that it was for some time commanded by the heroic General Wolfe, when he was an officer in the Buffs. The modern traveller will look in vain for anything resembling a fortress, as the stones of the Old Fort have been used to build the existing farmhouse. Slight traces of outlying earthworks, however, are still discernible.

After a steep and winding descent from the Fort, in the course of which Loch Lomond opens out below, with the lofty peak of Ben Ime (3300 feet) confronting us from the opposite side, we reach the shore of Loch Lomond, and halt at the Inversnaid Hotel.



INVERSNAID.
LANDING-PLACE FOR LOCH KATRINE AND TROSSACHS.

But as *Inversnaid* is only a stopping-place, not a terminus of the steamers here, we will take it in its proper place on the voyage up Loch Lomond, which for some reasons it seems as well to begin from the foot, especially as many of our readers may sail up this lake without going to the Trossachs. On the usual round trip from the Trossachs, the indications of our next section may be read backwards from Inversnaid, which is only a little way from *Ardlui* at the head of the loch, whence the boats run down to *Balloch*, in connection with trains for Glasgow and Edinburgh.

LOCH LOMOND. (*See Map*, p. 74.)

While it may be said that *The Lady of the Lake* has given to the Trossachs and Loch Katrine a fame superior to that of Loch Lomond, for complete and consistent beauty the latter bears the palm. The novelist

Smollett praises it without stint; although, inasmuch as he was a native of the district, his testimony may not be wholly free from bias. "I have seen," he says, "the Lago di Garda, Albano, De Vico, Bolsena, and Geneva, and on my honour I prefer Loch Lomond to them all." And Scott himself is not less loud in its laudation. "Certainly this noble lake, boasting innumerable beautiful islands of every varying form and outline which fancy can form,—its northern extremity narrowing until it is lost among dusky and retreating mountains,—while, gradually widening as it extends to the southward, it spreads its base around the indentures and promontories of a fair and fertile land, affords one of the most surprising, beautiful, and sublime spectacles in nature."

The loch, moreover, possesses other distinctions. Two or three centuries ago it was "famous for its floating island, its fish without fins, and for being frequently tempestuous in a calm." The first of these phenomena was presumably something of the nature of the Floating Island of Derwentwater; but, at any rate, it no longer exists. As for the "fish without fins," they are probably nothing else than eels, although they have also been identified with the amphibious vipers which frequent the islands. The third phenomenon is attributed to some such cause as the so-called "bottom-winds" of Derwentwater; or, as has also been conjectured, to the effects of an earthquake. During the Lisbon earthquake of 1755, the waters of Loch Lomond were violently agitated for several hours, without there being any wind; and a similar occurrence in an earlier century may have given rise to the above belief. Another special feature is the "Loch Lomond herring" which abounds in the lake, and forms an agreeable variety at the breakfast-table. It is really the "fresh-water herring" of some other lakes, and is nearly related to, if not identical with, the Welsh *gwyniad*, the Cumbrian *schelly*, the *vendace* of Lochmaben, and the *pollan* of Ireland. Indeed, it is by the Lowland-Scottish variant of this last name, "powan," that this fish is best known at Loch Lomond; and both of these forms

appear to originate in the word "pool." But the waters of the loch contain other inhabitants than its "powans." Salmon, sea-trout, lake-trout, pike, and perch are there in abundance; and as the whole loch is open to the public there are many opportunities for the angler.

The usual charge for a boat is 3s., and for boatmen 10s. a day. At Luss, however, the following arrangement obtains. Visitors staying at the hotel purchase a fishing-ticket available for the whole season for one guinea. The charge of 5s. a day for a boatman is also exacted; but there is no charge for the boat.

There are various ways of approaching Loch Lomond. One may descend upon it from the north, by the West Highland Railway, alighting at the stations of Ardlui, or of "Arrochar and Tarbet"; and by the same railway it can be reached from Helensburgh. More often, its shores are first touched at Inversnaid, by the traveller taking the "Circular Tour" from the Trossachs (see p. 65). But probably most of its visitors arrive at its southern extremity, at the pier of Balloch, where they are set down by trains from Glasgow or Stirling, *viâ* the "North British" or the "Forth and Clyde" Railways.

From **Balloch** there is an excellent road leading through *Luss* (8½ m. *Hotel*), *Inverbeg* (3½ m. *Inn*), and *Tarbet* (4½ m. *Hotel*), to the very head of the loch (*Ardlui*, 8 m., *Hotel*). The road skirts the western shore all the way, and is extremely interesting, besides being pronounced by cyclists one of the best tracks in the kingdom. But the plan most to be recommended, is to embark at Balloch Pier and sail up through the beautiful archipelago that is the chief glory of Loch Lomond. At half a dozen points one may take or leave the boat.

Steamers run thrice daily, each way, during the season; calling at *Balmaha* (East side), *Luss* (W.), *Rowardennan* (E.), *Tarbet* (W.), *Inversnaid* (E.), and *Ardlui* (N.)

On the right hand, immediately after leaving Balloch Pier, are *Balloch Castle*, and thereafter *Boturich Castle*; while on the left hand are the mansions of *Cameron House*, *Auchendennan*, *Auchenheglish*, and *Arden*. Close

to Arden is *Glen Fruin*, overhanging which are the ruins of the Castle of *Bannachra*, anciently the residence of the Colquhouns, where the chief of that clan was slain by one of the Clan Macfarlane in 1592. Higher up on the same side of the loch is *Rossdhu*, the present seat of the Colquhouns, and beyond it again is Glen Luss. All this territory is commemorated in the triumphant song of Roderick Dhu's followers: "Proudly our pibroch has thrilled in Glen Fruin," etc. The actual, historical battle of Glen Fruin was, says Scott, fought in 1602, when the Macgregors inflicted a crushing defeat upon the Colquhouns.

Turning, however, from the side in which these localities are situated, our steamer, making for Balmaha pier, passes the island deer-park of *Inch Murrin*, at the southern end of which stand the ruins of *Lennox Castle*. On the mainland, to the right, will be seen *Ross Priory*, where Scott lived for a time in 1817 when he was writing *Rob Roy*, and the Duke of Montrose's seat of *Buchanan Castle*, both situated at the south-eastern angle of the lake.

At **Balmaha**, those who feel inclined for a walk up to Rowardennan, instead of continuing the voyage in the steamer, will not regret their decision if they disembark here.

The *Pass of Balmaha* is only a rugged little defile of two or three hundred yards, but it makes the gateway of the Highlands at this part of the "Highland Line," and the traveller realises after emerging from it, that he has quite left the scenery and characteristics of the Lowlands behind him. It will be remembered, also, how "Duncraggan's milk-white bull," which the retreating caterans were bearing off with the rest of their spoil,

> "kept our stoutest kernes in awe,
> Even at the Pass of Beal'maha."

From Balmaha up to Rowardennan is a walk of 6 miles, and it takes one through a delightful bit of country, not visible from the deck of the steamer. *Conic Hill*, 1175 feet above the pass, might be ascended.

Those who continue the voyage on the lake turn north-west from Balmaha to the pretty little village of

Luss, on the opposite shore. Luss is a favourite summer residence, and has many cottages where lodgings may be obtained; but these are likely to be found occupied by temporary residents who have engaged them in advance. "Transients," however, will find comfortable quarters at the hotel. In fine summer weather, one may pass the days very happily at Luss, paddling about among its many islands, with or without fishing-tackle, and roaming over the wooded heights above. A picturesque fragment of the ancient Castle of Luss still remains behind *Rossdhu House* on the shore, seat of the Colquhoun family (pron. *Cohoune*), to which belonged Mrs. L. B. Walford, the popular novelist.

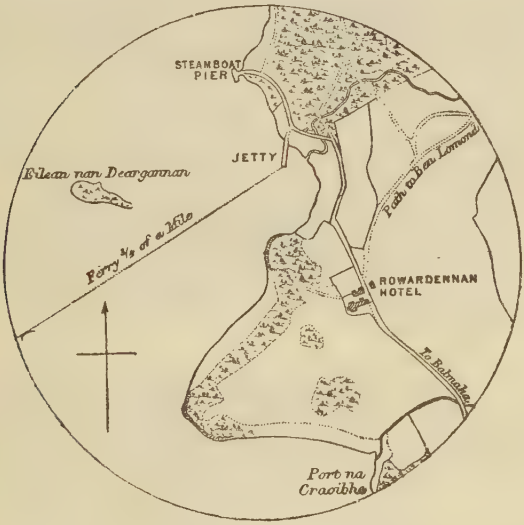
The islands which the steamer passes in making the transit from Balmaha to Luss are :—first, *Inchcailliach* ("Nuns' Island"), site of the old parish church of Buchanan, with a graveyard containing some 17th-century tombstones; then the flat, green *Inchfad* (Long Island); and thereafter, on the starboard bow, *Inchlonaig*, clad with yew-trees, and measuring 1 by ½ mile, now used as a deer-park. On the left hand, after Inchfad, are :—*Inchcruin*, *Inchmoan*, *Inchconnachan* (the three forming a little island-bay), and finally the high and wooded *Inchtavannach*, formerly the seat of a monastery, as its name, signifying Monk-House Island, indicates. The tiny islet of *Inchgalbraith*, immediately south-east of Inchtavannach, but unseen from the steamer, is noteworthy for its fragments of an ancient castle of the Galbraith family.

Beyond Luss, the character of the lake scenery completely changes. Hitherto, Loch Lomond has been a broad sheet of water dotted over with islands, where the general aspect is mildly beautiful. But a mile or two to the north of Luss the opposite shores approach each other closely, the mountains rise up on either side in rugged majesty, and from this point onward, for the remaining 12 miles of its length, the loch is transformed into a narrow fjord, picturesque as ever, but in a wilder and grander style.

Rowardennan, on the east side, is the next pier, from which place the ascent of Ben Lomond is usually made. There is no village at Rowardennan, only a hotel and two shooting-lodges. The hotel is in a quiet nook, screened

from the loch by a slight rising ground ; and the traveller will find this a very pleasant resting-place.

Ascent of Ben Lomond.—The path begins just behind the hotel. The ascent is, on the whole, very gradual,—so gradual, that ladies, children, and weaker brethren may, and frequently do, ride on ponies to the very summit. Charge for each pony, with man to lead it, 8s. to those staying in hotel, 10s. to others. As the mountain is 3192 feet in height, this long slope signifies a



ROWARDENNAN—LANDING-PLACE FOR BEN LOMOND.

distance of 5 or 6 miles from base to summit. To do it *comfortably*, one ought to allow five hours for going and returning ; of which time one and a half to two hours is sufficient for the descent. The path is well marked, and so many travellers are coming and going upon it in the season, that there is little danger of missing the way, as did that Boston Sibyl, Margaret Fuller, who very philosophically spent a cold night of 1846 on the misty mountain-side.

Instead of retracing one's steps to Rowardennan, one may descend upon *Inversnaid*. This takes half an hour or an hour

longer than the former route. From the north-western side of the Ben, take a "bee-line" in the direction of Tarbet Hotel (which is on the opposite side of the loch, but makes an excellent beacon) until Rowchoish is reached. Here a path leads through the woods north to Inversnaid.

A third plan is to descend the eastern side of the mountain to *Loch Ard*, selecting either of the routes described under "Aberfoyle" (see p. 62).

On a clear day, the view from Ben Lomond is superb. Sitting on its topmost pinnacle, one looks down the almost perpendicular north-eastern slope into the little valley where the river Forth may be said to take its rise. On the western side of the mountain, Loch Lomond stretches out in all its beauty, and across the narrow isthmus of Tarbet is the "salt sea-water" of Loch Long. Far away to the east and south the eye may range over the Lothians, Edinburgh, and Arthur's Seat, and even to the distant hills of Cumberland and the Isle of Man; while farther west, backed by the Irish Coast, is the whole scenery of the beautiful Clyde estuary and the nearer Hebrides. Northward, peak after peak, rise the stately masses of the Grampians.

To **Inverbeg**, on the opposite side, there is a ferry (6d. for each person) across the loch from Rowardennan. The little inn at Inverbeg, situated on the highway skirting the western side of Loch Lomond, offers modest, but clean and snug quarters to any one desiring to shun the larger hotels; and artists would find many pretty "bits" on the tongue of land at the mouth of the Douglas Water here.

From Inverbeg Inn to the side of Loch Long, would be a charming upland walk of 6 miles. On reaching the bridge which crosses the West Highland Railway, the pedestrian making for Arrochar or Tarbet should leave the road and descend the steep brae to the loch-side road. Gaining the southern edge of *Arrochar* turn up at the Church, and so join the road to Tarbet.

After leaving Rowardennan the steamer skirts the base of Ben Lomond, on which are a shooting-lodge and *Rob Roy's Prison*, the latter being an arch-shaped cavern some height above the water, formed by huge masses of fallen rocks,—part of Craig Royston. On the left side are *Firkin Point* and *Stuckgown House*.

Hence the steamer slants across the lake northward to **Tarbet**. The hotel here is the largest and best appointed

of all those on Loch Lomond, and of course its luxuries have to be paid for accordingly; but, as at other local hotels, there are special Boarding Terms and "Week-end Rates," except during the season, July, August, and September.

For its situation and variety of walks, Tarbet is to be recommended above all the other Loch Lomond residences. As the Gaelic name denotes, it stands upon a narrow

TARBET—LANDING-PLACE FOR ARROCHAR AND INVERARAY.

isthmus separating Loch Lomond from the salt-water fjord of Loch Long, in which direction many most interesting excursions can be made. Moreover, its contiguity to the *Arrochar and Tarbet* station of the West Highland Railway gives its sojourners the command of the direct route southwards to Helensburgh, and so to Glasgow, or north to Fort-William and the Caledonian Canal, as well as to Oban and the Hebrides (by changing carriages at Crianlarich). The station is three-quarters

of a mile from Tarbet, and a mile and a quarter from **Arrochar** (*Colquhoun Arms, Ross's Temperance Hotel* (C.)), at the head of Loch Long. Omnibuses from both sides await the trains ; and a coach, once a day, connects the steamers on the two lochs.

[The coach which used to run from Tarbet to Inveraray and Oban, *vid* Glencroe, has been given up, but a light railway to the shores of Loch Fyne is now projected.]

From Tarbet the distances to the following places by rowing boats are calculated as follow :—

To Ardlui (head of loch)	8 miles.	To Luss	9 miles.
Inchtavannach Isle	10 ,,	Rob Roy's Cave	6 ,,
Inversnaid	5 ,,	Rowardennan	6 ,,

The distances by road are :—

To Arrochar	2 miles.	To Inveraray	22 miles.
Cairndow	14 ,,	Luss	8 ,,
Fort-William	70 ,,	Oban	66 ,,
Inverarnan	10 ,,	Tyndrum	21 ,,

From Tarbet, the steamer crosses to **Inversnaid**, where we should join it coming from Loch Katrine (p. 66). This station is simply an hotel, situated just beside the waterfall (30 feet) made by the Arklet Water as it descends into the lake. Here it was that Wordsworth met the "sweet Highland girl" whose praises he has sung. But the attractions of this hotel, and the frequent crowds of excursionists, have done much to destroy the sequestered charm of the place.

About a mile to the right from the hotel, on the same side of the loch, will be found *Rob Roy's Cave*, a deep recess in a steep rugged rock, a little above the water's edge, the narrow entrance partly concealed by fallen blocks, where Robert Bruce is said to have sought a refuge as well as that freebooter with whose name it is associated. Other points attainable by boat (1s. 6d. per hour, or 2s. 6d. with boatman) from the pier in a couple of hours, are *Inveruglas Isle* and *Eilean Vow*, the latter being the scene of Wordsworth's "The Brownie" and "The Brownie's Cell." Its name has been modernised

LOCH LOMOND.
Scale.
0 1 2 Miles
LOCH LONG
ARROCHAR
TARBET
INVERSNAID
LUSS
BALLOCH
BEN LOMOND
3192
BEN VORLICH
3092
3055
LOCH ARKLET
LOCH KATRINE
LOCH CHON
Ben Reoch
2168
Beinn Bhreac
2235
Beinn Dubh
2108
Stob Gobhlach
1413
Ptarmigan
2396
Cruinn a'Bheinn
2077
Beinn a'Bhan
1854
Beinn Uird
1957
Beinn Bhreac
1922
Elrig
2219
Sron Aonaich
1895
Creachan
1702
Beinn a'Choin
2524
Maol Mor
2249
Stoban Fhaine
2144
Beinn Dubh
1675
Conic Hill
1175
Creach Hill 1758
Beinn Ruisg
1930
Tom na Conal
1445
Cruach Dubh
1154
Mid Hill
The Paps
Craperoch
Shantron Hill
Bannachra
Darleith Ho.
Dumfin
Shantron
Shemore
Corkhill
Ardess
Auchinheglish
Auchendennan
Tullichewan Castle
Woodbank
Drumkinnan
Balloch Pier
Balloch Castle
Balloch Hotel
Dumbarton Station
Boturich Castle
Inchmurrin
Inchmoan
Inchcruin
Creinch
Inchtavannach
Inch Galbraith
Inchcailloch
Inchlonaig
Inchfad
Torrinch
Clairinch
Inchcruin
Ross Priory
Tullochan
Lorn
West Portnellan
East Portnellan
Westerton Ho.
Ardoch
Aber Island
Balmaha Pier
Balmaha
Pass of Balmaha
Townhead of Aber
Gartocharn
Caldarvan
Caldarvan Station
Endrick Mouth
Endrick Water
Garfarrin
Manse
Buchanan Church
Gartmaceaber
Millton
Kilmannock Church
Buchanan Castle
Burn of Mar
Millarochy
Cashel
Blair
Tom Soilleir
Coire Alt
Cashell Burn
Blair Burn
Glen Douglas
Douglas Water
Glen Luss
Luss Water
Glen Mallochan
Finlas Water
Allt Dorman
Allt Arder
Fruin Water
Ross Park
Rossdhu Ho.
Muchengarroch
Craigendive
Culag
Aldochlay
Inverbeg Inn
Inverbeg Bank
Rudha Mor
Ross Point
Ross I.
Creagan Duibh
Creagan I.
Castle Ruins
Rowardennan Lodge
Rowardennan Hotel
Ardess
Dubh Lochan
Coille Mhor
Coille Mhor Hill
Blairvockie
Cashell
E. Culloch
W.
Strathcashell Point
Ceardaich
Burnich
Foot Path to the Summit
Gladdet Burn
Rinzeorach Burn
Allt Mor
Cromer
Brunach Coomhin Burn
Glen Meadhonach
Ducthray Water
Allt Arder
Allt Mor
Allt Arder
Allt Arder
Allt Arder

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into Island Vow (sometimes "Island I Vow"), and an absurd fiction has been created introducing the English word "vow"; but it clearly consists of two Gaelic words signifying "The Brownie's Isle." An interesting little trip from Inversnaid is to cross to *Inveruglas Glen*, on the opposite side of the loch, and walk up the 3 miles to *Loch Sloy*, whose name was, in former days, the war-cry of "the wild Macfarlanes' plaided clan."

Coaches leave Inversnaid several times daily during the season in connection with all the sailings of the steamer to and from the Trossachs; and there is telegraphic communication by sub-lacustrine cable across the loch to Tarbet, and thence to other points. All the Loch Lomond steamers of course touch at Inversnaid, and by them one may tap the West Highland Railway at Tarbet or at Ardlui, or else go down to Balloch at the foot of the loch, where trains await to carry passengers to Glasgow or Stirling.

Now the Loch Lomond steamer enters on its final stage to **Ardlui**, at the very head of the loch, passing on the way Rob Roy's Cave, the islet of *Eilean Vow*, and, on the western shore, a large boulder having an oblong recess cut into its surface. This boulder is known as "The Pulpit Rock," the recess having been made and occasionally used as a pulpit. At Ardlui, one may join the West Highland Railway, or remain for a day or two at the hotel, making the ascent of **Ben Vorlich** (3092 feet), or visiting the *Gar'abel Falls*, about 2 miles from the hotel, or in taking a run to the Trossachs, as may be so easily done from Inversnaid.

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ROUTES INTO THE HIGHLANDS

HAVING thus carried our reader through the Trossachs and over the cream of Scottish lake scenery, we might claim to have ended our task. But, by way of *bonus*, we will supply him with a sketch of further excursions into the Highlands, for which the Trossachs district may be taken as the starting-point.

WEST HIGHLAND RAILWAY

The West Highland line belongs to the North British Railway Company, a fact not generally known, as its name is misleading. It passes through as grand scenery on the west as the main line of the Highland Railway does on the east of Scotland. The wild desolation of the country about *Tyndrum* and the *Moor of Rannoch* with the fine hills is as awe-inspiring as anything in the country. At *Helensburgh*, by *Craigendoran Pier*, the line is in connection with the Clyde steamers.

From Helensburgh, the line runs first up **Gareloch,** by *Row*, celebrated for its genial climate, and *Shandon* with its popular hydropathic, then by the head of **Loch Long,** on which the railway's high elevation gives it fine views ; from which it crosses at *Arrochar* to skirt the western side of **Loch Lomond.** The station here is for "Arrochar and Tarbet," distant respectively $1\frac{1}{4}$ mile and $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Either here or at *Ardlui* the train may be joined from the Loch Lomond steamers.

Ardlui stands at the entrance of *Glen Falloch*, here

a flat strath with the river Falloch, smooth as a Lincolnshire stream, gliding between green meadows. Up this, from the head of the loch, we now run north to *Crianlarich*, where our railway crosses the Caledonian line to Oban, and transference may be made from one to the other. The hotel at Crianlarich would make a good base for the ascent of *Ben More* (3843 feet). The two lines now keep on together for a few miles up *Strathfillan*, but on opposite sides of the valley, to *Tyndrum*, where they part company. The *Tyndrum Hotel* is midway between the rival stations ; and here still passengers have a chance of changing their minds as to route. This is a good centre for mountaineering excursions. Four pedestrian routes may be indicated.

(1) **Tyndrum to Ballachulish** (36 miles).—At Tyndrum the old main road strikes north through Glencoe to Ballachulish. In driving by private conveyance it is easier to come up the glen from Ballachulish, but the scenery is seen to greater advantage going northwards. Beyond Tyndrum the country becomes wild and desolate, with great mountains between Glen Orchy and Glen Lyon to the north-east. A little beyond the Bridge of Orchy stands the comfortable hotel of *Inveroran* (10 miles), situated on the banks of Loch Tulla, a solitary sheet of water about 4 miles in length. On the north side is Lord Breadalbane's shooting-lodge of Ardvrecknish. From this the road traverses broad and round-backed hills, amidst scenery of dreary uniformity. The Moor of Rannoch is to be seen to the east from the broad surface of the Black Mount. In the midst of this wild scenery, and on the borders of Glencoe, is situated *King's House* Inn (10 miles). *Ballachulish*, where we can join the steamer to Oban or Inverness by the Caledonian Canal, is 16 miles farther.

(2) **Tyndrum to Glen Lyon.**—At Auch, about 3½ miles from Tyndrum, on the Ballachulish road, a mountain track ascends a lateral glen to the north, and crosses to the east by a pass between Ben Fuaran and Ben Curn to *Loch Lyon*, whence the pedestrian may proceed down the largest glen in Scotland to *Innerwick* (25 miles), and 10 miles farther to *Fortingal*. *Ben Creachan* (3540 feet) may be reached by keeping round the ridge to N.W. by N. of top of pass for about 3½ miles. The view from Ben Creachan to north, over Rannoch, etc., is grand.

(3) **King's House to Kinloch-Rannoch** (33 miles).—From King's House the pedestrian may cross the wild dreary moors to *Tighnaline* on Loch Rannoch, nearly 20 miles ; but this should not be attempted the first time without a guide, many persons

having lost their way, and some their lives, in bad weather. The pedestrian takes the road on the north side of the stream to the iron shooting-lodge, 3 miles east of the inn, and then continues due east, keeping Loch Lydoch in sight, but not getting near its shores until he gets to its north extremity. When this is reached the track will probably be found, and by keeping a little to the right the tourist will observe a shepherd's hut (11 miles), where he may get directions, after which the road is pretty plain to Tighnaline, which is situated at the west end of Loch Rannoch; but there is no inn until *Kinloch-Rannoch*, 13 miles farther east. Temperance refreshments and rough lodgings may, however, be had at the "merchant's" shop at Bridge of Ericht on the *north* side of Loch Rannoch, 2¼ miles from Tighnaline.

(4) **King's House to Fort-William** by the "Devil's Staircase" (23 miles).—From the excessive roughness and steepness of a part of the first half of this road, it can be travelled only by pedestrians. The Staircase diverges from the main road at a small cluster of shepherd's houses, called *Altnafedh*, where it may be well to obtain a guide for the first 2 miles, the road being scarcely distinguishable among the rocks and loose stones which obstruct the track. Having crossed the Staircase (1775 feet), one reaches *Kinlochmore* at the head of Loch Leven, and the route thence is continued through Glen Tarbet by a better road to *Fort-William*. The only house where any refreshment can be obtained is at Kinlochmore, one of a very humble order (about 12 miles from Altnafedh), where drovers are accustomed to lodge on their way from the north.

Beyond Tyndrum the West Highland Railway, running north, crosses into Argyllshire over a watershed more than a thousand feet above the sea. Near *Ben Doran* (3523 feet) opens Glen Lyon; then comes *Bridge of Orchy* station, where coach may be taken down Glencoe to Ballachulish. The line now keeps by the Orchy, and the vast Black Mount Deer Forest, a waste of heather, only here and there broken, as beyond Loch Tulla, by patches of forest in the modern sense. Few houses are to be seen but cairns marking the abodes of the dead, and in the vale of Tulla Water, the ruin of *Achalluder Castle*, a grim monument of "battles long ago." Near *Gortan*, whence it is proposed to make a coach road down Glen Lyon, begins the *Moor of Rannoch*, once covered by the great Caledonian Forest, now a waste of about 20 miles, on which many a shepherd has perished in the snow; this is the famous scene

of the hunting of David Balfour and Alan Breck in R. L. Stevenson's *Kidnapped*. At *Rannoch* station a coach runs to *Pitlochry*, connecting at Kinloch-Rannoch with the mail for *Struan*, another station on the Highland Railway. *Loch Lydoch* is passed on the left; then on the right opens up Glen Ericht with *Ben Alder* (3757 feet) at its head, on whose dark sides Prince Charles Edward lay hid in fact, as David Balfour in fiction.

At *Corrour* we take leave of the Moor of Rannoch and reach the highest point of the line (1350 feet). Corrour Lodge (1723 feet) used to boast of being the highest habitation in Scotland, and in Britain for that matter, but has had its nose put very much out of joint by the Observatory on Ben Nevis, where a band of devoted weather-students have endured dreary winters. Passing Loch Treig and its river, we come to the Spean at *Tulloch* station (*Inverlair*). Here is struck the coach road for *Loch Laggan* and *Kingussie;* and here our line turns due west by the rushing Spean through the *Braes of Lochaber*, dear to Highland memory. At *Roy Bridge* is passed the entrance to *Glenroy*, a name known for the "Parallel Roads" which have excited so much controversy in the scientific world, but are now generally admitted to be natural terraces showing the successive levels of a loch. This is the country of the Macdonells of Keppoch, whose cairns are monuments of many a forgotten feud and many a gallant warrior. At *Spean Bridge* (Hotel) goes off the new branch to Fort-Augustus. Thence it is 9 miles to **Fort-William**, with its choice of Hotels (*West End*, *Station*, *Palace*, *Argyll*, *Imperial*, *Alexandra*, *Central* and *Waverley* Temperance, both (C.), etc.), to which we come round the flanks of Ben Nevis.

The great adventure at Fort-William is of course the ascent of this highest point in the British Isles. Three hours' walking, more or less, will take the sturdy pedestrian up the pony path to the top of *Ben Nevis* (4406 feet), where an Observatory (now closed) was at one time garrisoned by a band of intrepid weather watchers, dwelling amid scudding mists and patches of dirty snow in the middle of summer, yet sometimes enjoying spells of Alpine sunshine at Christmas time, and strange visions of glory that may burst upon them at any season through the drifting cloud wracks. Besides the

desolate Observatory buildings, there is an inn open in summer, where one can get refreshments and some kind of bed at prices proportioned to the altitude; but naturally this hotel is not on the list of the Cyclists' Touring Club. There is talk of a mountain railway up Ben Nevis, but it remains to be seen how far the success of that on Snowdon will encourage such a project.

The railway up to 1900 had its terminus at *Banavie* (3 miles), where the *Caledonian Canal* ends with the chain of locks known as "Neptune's Staircase," from which the steamer carries us up to Inverness. But if only as a trip for the sake of the views, a run along the West Highland Railway may be recommended, and a good companion on it would be the well-illustrated *Mountain, Moor, and Loch*, which is practically a guide to this line, now opened on to *Arisaig* (Hotel) and *Mallaig* (Hotel) on the west coast, as a route for Skye.

CALLANDER TO OBAN

Between Fort-William and Oban there is communication by the excellent steamers of Messrs. M'Brayne, the firm that has done so much towards opening up the Highlands. The *West Highland Railway* trip, then, might be taken as part of a round completed by the *Caledonian* line to Oban, for which we go back to *Callander*, where we left it for the Trossachs. From Callander to Oban, by train, is a most picturesque run of about three hours, with several lateral diversions to be made.

The first stage is up the *Pass of Leny* and by *Loch Lubnaig* (see p. 20).

Balquhidder is the junction for the *Crieff* line (see p. 87). Continuing by the Callander and Oban line we can see *Loch Earn* and the little village lying far below. Hence, the train passes up *Glen Ogle* ("the terrific glen"), by several viaducts which give a grand view of its wild features, betokening some natural convulsion. At *Killin Junction*, there goes off a short branch to the head

of *Loch Tay*, where by steamer and coach another divagation might be made to *Aberfeldy*, from which a branch joins the *Highland Railway* between Perth and Inverness.

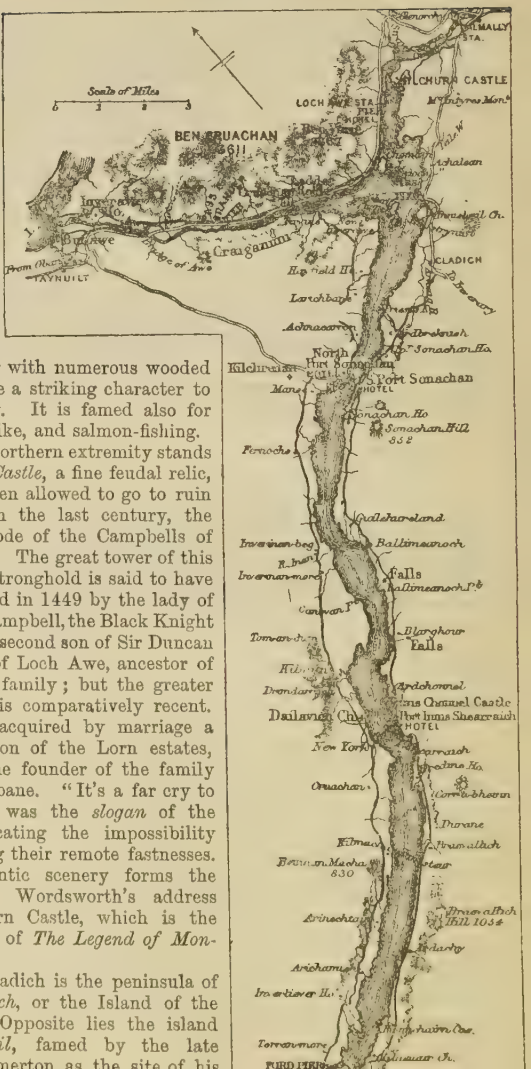
Our line goes on up Glen Dochart to *Luib* (Hotel), a good fishing centre; then passing up the margin of Loch Dochart and the base of Ben More, it reaches the valley of the Fillan, to cross the *West Highland Railway* at the junction of *Crianlarich*, and to keep parallel to it as far as *Tyndrum* (see p. 77).

Entering Argyllshire, we go on for half an hour, without stopping, through a desolate country, till *Glen Orchy* opens a beautiful stretch of Highland landscape, where **Dalmally** station makes a favourite halting-place, well known to anglers. The fishing on the Orchy is free to visitors at the hotel here.

The Glenorchy district was at one time peopled by the Macgregors, and the old churchyard which surrounds the parish church contains some ancient gravestones of the clan. The ascent of *Ben Cruachan*, noted for its bold proportions and graceful outline (3650 feet—view very grand, but climb stiff), may be made from 2 miles west of Dalmally, keeping the side of the stream which rises at the foot of the eastern and highest peak. *Ben Lui* (3708 feet), 7 miles east of Dalmally, at whose northern base is the highest source of the Tay, and the streams on the other sides of which flow to Lochs Awe, Fyne, and Lomond respectively, is also worth ascending.

A branch line from Dalmally to Inveraray, with a pier on Loch Fyne, is projected by the Caledonian Railway Company.

On leaving Dalmally the railway gradually descends until it comes within a short distance of Loch Awe, where it crosses the Orchy by a viaduct a few hundred yards above the mouth of the stream. From the centre of this a good view is obtained of the loch, with its numerous islets, and the ruins of Kilchurn Castle (pron. *Kilhooren*). There is a good hotel at *Loch Awe* station, whence a small steamer runs up to the head of the loch at *Ford*, where also there is an hotel, and others at *Portinsherrich* on the left bank going upwards, and on either side of the ferry at *Portsonachan* (C.).



Loch Awe one of the most picturesque of Highland lochs, is 30 miles in length and from 1 to 2 in breadth, shut in by lofty mountains, whose towering proportions, along with numerous wooded islands, give a striking character to the scenery. It is famed also for its trout, pike, and salmon-fishing.

At the northern extremity stands *Kilchurn Castle*, a fine feudal relic, that has been allowed to go to ruin only within the last century, the ancient abode of the Campbells of Loch Awe. The great tower of this Highland stronghold is said to have been erected in 1449 by the lady of Sir Colin Campbell, the Black Knight of Rhodes, second son of Sir Duncan Campbell of Loch Awe, ancestor of the Argyll family; but the greater part of it is comparatively recent. Sir Colin acquired by marriage a large portion of the Lorn estates, and was the founder of the family of Breadalbane. "It's a far cry to Lochawe" was the *slogan* of the clan, indicating the impossibility of reaching their remote fastnesses. The romantic scenery forms the subject of Wordsworth's address to Kilchurn Castle, which is the Ardenvohr of *The Legend of Montrose*.

Near Cladich is the peninsula of *Innistrynich*, or the Island of the Druids. Opposite lies the island of *Inishail*, famed by the late P. G. Hamerton as the site of his

"Painter's Camp in the Highlands." Its old churchyard contains a number of ancient tombstones, many bearing the name "MacArthur," a clan which originally inhabited these shores. *Inis Fraoch* was granted in 1267, by Alexander III., to Gilbert Macnaghten, whose descendants took part with Macdougall of Lorn in the attack on Robert Bruce at Dail Righ, and the ruins of their castle still remain. This isle is fabled, like the Hesperides, to have derived its name from an adventurous lover, who, in his attempt to gratify his fair one with its delicious fruit, destroyed the guardian serpent, but perished himself in the conflict.

From Cladich, 6 miles south of Dalmally, the road to Inveraray on Loch Fyne strikes east—9 miles. Half-way up the loch, and near its eastern shore (9 miles from Portsonachan, or 15 from Kilchurn) is *Innis Chonnel*, on which are the ruins of the ancient Castle of *Ardchonnel*, "first nest of feudal Argyll." This is near the *Portinsherrich* inn, whence may also be visited *Erreth*, the isle of tombs, and the Falls of *Eilarghour*. From a mile north of *Dalavaich*, nearly opposite Portinsherrich, the pedestrian may cross, by Lochs Avich and Scammadale, to Kilninver on Loch Feochan (16 miles), whence it is 8 miles to Oban ; or to Kilmelford (*Cuilfal Inn*, 12½ miles). In the ancient burying-ground at *Kilchrenan*, near *North* Portsonachan, on the western side of the lake, a massive granite monument has been erected by the Duke of Argyll in memory of his ancestor *Cailean Mor*, who distinguished himself in forays against the neighbouring clans, and in particular against the Macdougalls of Lorn.

Our line passes along the outlet of the Awe, to enter the *Pass of Brander*, crossing (a mile or so farther on) the *Falls of Cruachan*. Through this pass the waters of the loch find an outlet, by means of the river Awe, a splendid angling stream, which discharges into Loch Etive. Cairns on the opposite sides of the stream, near the entrance of the pass on the north, mark the scene of the conflict in which the clan Macdougall of Lorn was almost destroyed by King Robert Bruce. The railway crosses the river, a short distance to the west of the old Bridge of Awe, the scene of Sir Walter Scott's tale of *The Highland Widow*.

Two miles west are *Taynuilt* station and Hotel, situated on the river Nant, which runs almost parallel with the Awe, both falling into Loch Etive within half a mile of each other. There is good fishing here ; and from Taynuilt, Ben Cruachan may be ascended, the climb commencing to the east of the Bridge of Awe. A

direct road leads from Taynuilt to *Taycreggan* on Loch Awe (*Coach*—8 miles). About a mile to the north are the village and iron furnace of *Bonawe*. Here is a ferry across *Loch Etive*, the upper portion of which possesses a high degree of sequestered grandeur.

Taynuilt to Ballachulish.—A steamer plies during the tourist season up Loch Etive, in connection with a coach up Glen Etive and across to Glencoe, and so down to Ballachulish. The whole route (40 miles) is through magnificent scenery.

Bonawe to Ballachulish.—This is a pleasing and picturesque route for pedestrians of about 25 miles. From the ferry at Bonawe take the road north-west to Glen Salach and down to Barcaldine on Loch Creran, which cross by Creagan Ferry. Thence up the north side of river Creran till 3 miles past Fasnacloich. Here find the hill-path about due north over to the Larock stream and down to Ballachulish.

For some distance the view of Loch Etive is lost as the railway passes west of Taynuilt, but it again opens upon a wide and picturesque scene at *Ach-na-cloich* (station and pier). Across the water, at *Ardchattan*, there is an old priory (13th century). Three miles farther on come the station and ferry of *Connel*, near which are the so-called Falls of Connel—the Ossianic *Falls of Lora*, caused by the rushing of the tide over a reef of rocks. (*Hotel.*) The railway is carried on from here to Ballachulish and Fort William, but is not yet working.

Two miles north of Connel is the vitrified fort *Beregonium*, or as the Highlanders have called it for thirty generations, Dunmacsniochan. Here, long ages ago, was one of the most extensive vitrified forts in Scotland, as proved by the series of trenches dug out in 1875. The Dun rises, at its highest, about 150 feet above the Bay of Lochnell, which washes its rugged base. From the plain on its southern side—a supposed site of Ptolemy's fabled Pictish camp—the summit is reached by a steep defile called by the natives *Bealach na Ban-righ*, which signifies the Queen's Pass.

At the entrance to Loch Etive stand the modern house and fine old ruin of *Dunstaffnage Castle*. Thence the railway passes through Glencruiten, on a steep incline, emerging through a deep cutting of the rock, upon **Oban**, that new town of tourist quarters, which has been aptly

called the Charing Cross of the Highlands. There is such a long list of hotels here that we must confine ourselves to naming a few of different kinds,—*Station*, *Great Western*, *Alexandra*, *Royal* (C.), *King's Arms* (C.), *Imperial*, *Balmoral*, and *Marine* Temperance, etc. The ruin-like structure on the hill above is the shell of an unhatched hydropathic ; and what seems a modern bastion on an adjoining height makes a view point.

BY LOCH EARN TO CRIEFF AND PERTH

Here we have another circuit to be made from Edinburgh or Glasgow, in a single day. The line now continues via Loch Earn to *Balquhidder*, there joining the Callander and Oban line. There are also charming roads along the banks of **Loch Earn**, around which is what may be called the perfection of lake scenery—a retiring mountain-boundary of fine outline on either side, rich woodlands, with a sprinkling of agricultural cultivation, and here and there a gentleman's seat. In tourist chronology it is the most ancient of the Highland lakes ; and, perhaps from its accessibility, it appears to have been visited, admired, and sketched, when the Trossachs were deemed a heap of unsightly rocks beyond the limits of civilisation. It is about 7 miles long, and contains trout and salmon. Boats with liberty to fish may be obtained from the hotel-keepers. About a mile from Lochearnhead Hotel stands the old castle of *Edinample* (a seat of the Breadalbane family), where a stream, descending Glen Ample, forms a considerable waterfall. Here also are the ruins of *St. Blane's Chapel*. To the south are the heights of *Ben Voirlich* (3224 feet) and *Stùc-a-Chròin* (3189 feet). On the shore, below Ben Voirlich, stands *Ardvoirlich House*, the "Darlinvarach" of the *Legend of Montrose*. This mountain may be distinguished by its spelling, a distinction not always made, from *Ben Vorlich*, near Loch Lomond.

The better road follows the north bank of the lake, by

Ardveich Castle and the base of *Sröin Mhôr* (2203 feet); a little farther it crosses the mouth of Glen Tarken, and shortly after reaches the village of *St. Fillans* (Drummond Arms Hotel), a name derived from a celebrated Scottish saint, who, besides the holy pool in Strathfillan, near Tyndrum, possessed a sacred fountain on the top of the remarkable conical hill (called St. Fillan's hill) which shoots up prominently from the middle of the valley. From St. Fillans there is a grand walk over Ben Voirlich to *Strathyre*, where one can take the road to Callander, or strike over the hills by Balquhidder (see p. 55), for the Trossachs.

Near the mouth of the loch here, "Monan's rill," from which "the stag at eve had drunk his fill," falls into the Earn. Along the banks of the Earn runs a very pretty path to *Comrie*, which can be followed as well as the new line or the valley road.

Comrie (Hotels: *Royal*, *Ancaster Arms*, *Bridgend*, *Melville House* Temperance), confluence of the *Ruchill* and the *Lednock* with the Earn, is one of the choicest spots in Scotland for those who love the mingling of Highland with richly-wooded Lowland scenery; and since the opening of the railway from Crieff it seems likely to become a very favourite resort. It has a reputation, happily unique in the British Isles, for earthquakes, slight but not infrequent. There are lovely walks in the grounds of Dunira and Aberuchill, and a fine fall a mile up the gorge of the Lednock, by which one might mount to the ascent of *Ben Chonzie* (3048 feet); but these are only a few among the beauty spots of the vicinity. On the other side of the Earn, the antiquary would find some remarkable remains of a Roman camp called *Dalginross*, said by some to be a corruption of Galgacan, and to represent the place where Galgacus, the Caledonian chief, met Agricola, in what, from a false reading in Tacitus, used to be called the battle of the Grampians. There is hence a beautiful walk up Glen Artney, by which Callander may be reached (p. 20).

Greenloaning, 13 miles to the south-east, is a station on the main Caledonian Railway, a branch of which carries us from Comrie to *Crieff* (6 miles).

Crieff (Hotels: *Drummond Arms, Royal, Grant's*

ENVIRONS OF CRIEFF.

Temperance, *The Birches* Boarding-House, Comrie Road) is a town of about 5500 inhabitants, once an outpost against the incursions of the clans whose fastnesses were so close at hand. Its dry climate, in the very

centre of Scotland, and its airy situation on the first slope of the Grampians, have made it a favourite health resort. There are saline mineral waters, but these seem not to be taken very seriously. A greater attraction is the popular *Hydropathic*, noted as clinging longer than others to the primitive temperance and simplicity of such establishments, among which it has been one of the most successful, and quarters are not always to be got here in the summer season.

The immediate surroundings are of no small beauty; and excursions can easily be made into the Highlands. The town is bordered by several fine parks, some of which are open to visitors, notably *Drummond Castle*, with its fine gardens; and *Ochtertyre*, where Burns wrote his song, "Blythe was she." Another well-known place, however, is now closed—Ferntower, home of Sir David Baird, as to whom it is told that when news came of his being among Hyder Ali's prisoners, chained two and two, his grim mother made no remark but, "Lord pity the chiel that's chained to our Davy!" On *Tomachastle*, a fine wooded eminence, there is a conspicuous monument to this doughty warrior. The woods of the Knock behind the town are very pleasant in summer, but there is some hindrance to the public's enjoyment of them. The *Falls of Turret* are the goal of a favourite walk. Pleasure coaches run on longer trips, by which we might visit the *Sma' Glen*, traditionary burial-place of Ossian; *Amulree*, where there is good trout-fishing on the loch; and the banks of the Almond, on which "Ian Maclaren's" readers will find the scenes of his *Drumtochty*. By the Sma' Glen, there is a grand walk of 22 miles to *Dunkeld*, on the Highland Railway; but no regular coach runs this way.

From Crieff, a short branch runs to *Crieff Junction* on the Caledonian Railway. Travellers who are not in a hurry might do better by gaining this line at *Perth*, to which another branch takes them in less than an hour.

Perth (Hotels: *Station*, *Royal British*, *Waverley*, at the station; *Royal George* (C.), *Salutation* (C.), *John's*,

etc., in the town) is an ancient city, once the abode of royalty, now best known to strangers as the central knot of Scottish railways. The beauties of the "Fair City" lie chiefly in its environs, though *Tay Street*, bordering the river between the two time-honoured parks known as *Inches*, makes a fine promenade. This may be reached by tram (to the *Cross*) from the Station, passing the new thoroughfare of *Scott Street*, in which is the *Post Office*. At several points one is directed to a house, restored and exhibited (3d.) as that of the "Fair Maid of Perth."

A pretty walk is to be taken up the Tay, over the *North Inch*, and by the river banks opposite Scone Palace; then the path may be prolonged by turning up the side of the Almond as far as the road crossing it a little over 2 miles from Perth. The North Inch was the scene of the combat in Scott's *Fair Maid of Perth;* and it is said to have reminded the Roman invaders of their own Campus Martius. The *South Inch*, below the town, close to the station, is not so attractive, but a fine prospect may be had from *Craigie Hill* above it, across the railway. The gloomy group of buildings beyond is the General Prison for Scotland. Still finer is the view from *Kinnoull Hill* on the other side of the river. To reach this, cross the old bridge, from which the Grampians should be well seen on a clear day, turn to the right, take the first branch upwards to the left, mounting by a new Roman Catholic convent, above which the gate is entered, then one may walk through richly-wooded grounds to the edge of the crag that here hems the course of the river, looking down the fertile *Carse of Gowrie* and across to *Moncrieffe Hill* and the confluence of the Earn. The ruin farther along this height is an artificial one, built to carry out a marked resemblance to the Rhine scenery. Bearing round to the left from the cliff, one can come down into Perth by another road commanding wide prospects northwards.

At the south end of the town the river may be crossed beneath Kinnoull Hill by a long foot-bridge beside the railway. Between this bridge and the old one at the North Inch there is the Victoria Bridge built 1900.

From Perth, there are direct express trains to London, by more than one route; and lines hence go off to every point of the compass. Northwards run the Highland Railway to *Inverness*, where begins or ends the famous Caledonian Canal trip, and the Caledonian line to *Aberdeen*, at which steamers may be taken for London. To *Edinburgh* and *Glasgow*, we may go south by the Caledonian *viâ* Stirling, or, more picturesquely, and in the case of Edinburgh more directly, by the North British line and the Forth Bridge. A short line goes down the Carse of Gowrie, to *Dundee*, not "bonny Dundee" by any means, but one of the most rising of commercial cities, from which also we could take steamboat to London. Large as the Perth Station is, strangers might choose to avoid it in the middle of August, when the trains northwards are apt to be crowded and delayed by pilgrims to the shrine of St. Grouse, inconveniently swelling the summer tourist traffic. The beginning of August also, it should be noted, is an awkward time for travelling, when so many families in Scotland are moving to their summer quarters.

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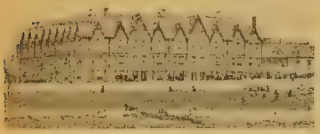

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